Screenplay

QUATERMASS
and
THE PIT

by

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1966

DEC 19 1966

"THE PIT"

BEHIND TITLES:

EXT. HOBBS END NIGHT

1 There is a full moon. It brightens the sky enough to silhouette two tall tower-cranes and the steel skeleton of the building that is rising between them. There are lights on the cranes, both to warn any low-flying aircraft and to illuminate the contractor's name.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK. It is clearly a development area, a part of Outer London that is in the process of being drastically remade. In the foreground now are the remains of a little street. A few terraced houses still stand, more or less roofless, overlooking on their further side the white moonlit expanse dominated by the tower cranes. The small street is full of builder's equipment -- concrete mixers, scaffolding bars, stacks of reinforcing metal, piles of tarpaulin-covered sand, bags of cement, planks.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN.

A CLOST SHOT PANNING to the two name-plates on the corner of the street, one mounted above the other on the old brickwork. The more recent plate is white, in the standard LCC formate, reading "HOBBS LANE, W.10". The older plate, dark and rusted, reads "HOB'S LANE".

Now, above the distant city hum, comes a deep localised rumble, as of machinery at work below ground. The CAMERA turns the corner. Another modern name-plate reads: "HOBBS END ROAD, W.10."

A WIDER SHOT takes in the small Underground railway-station entrance situated a few yards from the corner. The steel grille is drawn shut. In the glare of the street-lamp on the corner, a large notice on the wall beside it reads: "Central Line Extension./ London Transport Executive Apologises to Passengers for Any Inconveniences Caused by Works at this Station."

The CAMERA TRACKS towards the grille. The rumble of machinery increases.

INT. TUNNEL

2 Below, the night shift is hard at work.

This old station has until now been the terminus of this section of the line. But the Tube is about to be drilled out to further points, and the station itself is having its platforms extended to accomodate longer trains. It is grimy. Dampness weeps slimily between the tiles. At one end the wider diameter -- the 28 foot tunnel ---

2 Continued

has been lengthened to the extent of two extra coaches. This work has been carried out by workmen with picks and shovels, and as usual, steel supporting rings have been inserted continuously to support the roof as they proceed. Beside them, machinery is being set up to drill the smaller, 12-foot tunnel that is to take trains beyond this point in future. Naturally, at this end of the tunnel, the platform has not yet been installed. There is only a rough structure of planks linking the curved floor of bolted steel bands with the old platform.

There are half a dozen WORKMEN busy on the great clay face. As the earth is cut away, it is shovelled on to a moving belt and carried back to the area of the old platform. Here trucks are standing on the tube-lines, ready to ship the rubble away down the tunnel to a disposal point. A LOADER is on duty here, organising the swinging of the discharge-chute from truck to truck.

The noise down here is deafening, echoing off the tiled walls.

Suddenly the LOADER leans forward. He throws a handle and the conveyor-belt stops.

WORKMEN at the clay face turn at his shout.

LOADER
Hey, look at this!

He is peering at the tumbled clay on the truck. Embedded in it, and crushed by vast pressure, is a skull. It is the colour of the clay itself, but part of the eye-socket and some teeth can be made out clearly.

Now other WORKMEN have dropped their tools and are crowding round. A couple remain where they were working, simply turning to watch. The LOADER brings the skull out on his shovel, still embedded in a mass of clay.

OLDER WORKMAN
It's a skull.

COLOURED WORKMAN
You mean, off some dead feller? Man, it looks like old stone --

LOADER
(swinging it at him)
You see them dead eyes, man? An' them gnashers?

2 Continued

The COLOURED WORKMAN dodges, laughing.

OLDER WORKMAN
Hey, careful with it! It's a fossil. They can be worth money -- you know that? I've known some things dug out -- fetched a fortune --

At the work-face, the other two MEN exchange grins at his folly and turn back to their labours. One of them cuts with his pick at a long projecting piece of the hard clay. Already loosened, it splits and falls away -- disclosing part of a skeleton facing him! It stands diagonally, only partly visible. But there are ribs and a spine that is crushed forward into them -- a hint of leg-bones -- an arm with its boney gibbon-like hand spread wide ---

CUT TO

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

3 A NEWSVENDOR has his pitch at the corner, by the station entrance. A poster is pinned to his orange-box stand. . Under the crudely-printed "UNDERGROUND APEMEN" has been scribbled "WORK ON EXTENSION HALTED". The NEWSVENDOR has just received a new batch of papers and is sticking up his fresh poster. It reads "MORE FINDS".

INT. STATION ENTRANCE DAY

4 PASSENGERS are moving in and out (mostly in) of the station as usualy but are having to push their way through a crowd of curious bystanders. A POLICEMAN is restoring order.

POLICEMAN
Move along now, please, unless you're passengers or Press. Keep the entrance clear ---

INT. PLATFORM

5 PASSENGERS are crowding down the stairs the lead from the lifts. They come on to the platform and look expectantly along it, past the flickering train-indicators and PORTERS.

But the working area has been screened off with wooden frames covered with stretched canvas. It reaches to more than head-height above the platform level. There is a door fitted into it at the end of the platform.

5 Continued

Here a uniformed London Transport Inspector is admitting a camera-hung PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER who flashes a pass. Then he turns away two PASSENGERS who are trying, by jumping high, to look over the screen.

INT. WORKING AREA

6 On the other side of the screen, the PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER finds a group of his colleagues and other JOURNALISTS, clustered together on the planks.

The conveyor-belt, together with the drilling apparatus that was being set up to cut the train tunnel, has been moved to the other side out of the way. So are all the other contractors' materials.

The whole of the circular clay face has been hollowed out, no longer with the mathematical regularity of the contractor's work, and not supported by steel rings. Instead it is cut cave-like and irregularly, supported at the sides with pit-props and with timber overhead but with spaces left between the supports for exploration of the clay. This digging has gone 8 or 10 feet into the clay face, with a width of perhaps 15 feet and rather less than head height. The DIGGERS are both men and women, some at work on the vertical faces, others on the ground, all of which is carefully squared off with lengths of string. Some more profitable squares are more deeply sunk than others.

A middle-aged woman, MISS DOBSON, is holding down a white measuring stick alongside a patch of scraped-down clay where a small fragment of bone is showing through the surface. A GIRL in a laboratory coat --- BARBARA JUDD --- is focusing a reflex camera on the spot. A flash from her electronic flash-gun and the picture is taken. She crosses to where her chief, DR MATTHEW RONEY, is watching with the group of JOURNALISTS. RONEY is a man of warm personality, unscientifically impulsive. His eyes are humorous, his mouth mobile.

He turns to the JOURNALISTS, most of whom are scientific correspondents, mature and serious-faced, though a couple of them are younger. With them is a LONDON TRANSPORT OFFICIAL.

RONEY
We think that's another scapula --- a shoulder-blade.
(to her)
How is it, Miss Judd?

6 Continued

BARBARA
It seems to be better than the others.

RONEY
Seems there are six bodies here, at least.

There is a stir of attention from the group. RONEY indicates that they should follow him back from the planks laid on the tunnel floor to the small portion of platform cut off by the screens, where trestle tables have been set up. They are laden with sprays, boxes and packing for the emergency treatment of the recovered fossils. A couple of white-coated ASSISTANTS are at work.

As BARBARA and the JOURNALISTS follow RONEY, there is the sound of a tube-train arriving on the other side of the screens. As it roars closer, one or two of the JOURNALISTS hurry apprehensively up the planks to the platform. Behind them, the L.T. OFFICIAL smiles.

L.T. OFFICIAL
Don't worry, gentlemen --- the train won't come through here.
(he points)
No rails.

Some laughter from the JOURNALISTS. On the other side of the barrier there is the sound of the train's doors opening and the scuffle of feet.

RONEY
Now, gentlemen, this little press conference hasn't entirely met with official approval --
(to the L.T. Official, pleasantly)
-- may I say that?

The OFFICIAL smiles non-committally.

RONEY
The fact is, I need your help. In the last forty-eight hours, my assistants here have done wonderful work and we've unearthed a lot of valuable stuff.

The two YOUNGER JOURNALISTS brighten up at this.

6 Continued

FIRST YOUNG JOURNALIST
Valuable . . . ?

SECOND YOUNG JOURNALIST
How valuable, Doctor Roney?

RONEY
To science? I can't tell you yet.

The two YOUNGER JOURNALISTS look disappointed.

RONEY (Cont)
But I do know that we have one of the most remarkable finds ever known.

VOICE OF PORTER
Mind the doors! Mind the doors!

RONEY
Now what I want to say to you is this ---

His words are drowned by the slamming of the train's doors and the echoing roar as it moves back down the tunnel. RONEY shrugs. When he can be heard, he goes on.

RONEY
The train said it for me. The London Transport people have halted their extension work for the next few days. But it isn't days we need here -- it's weeks. I know -- and you all know --- that they'll soon be under pressure to start again, to stop wasting public money. That's where I need your help. Tell the public why we should be allowed to stay.

FIRST JOURNALIST
Dr Roney --- what makes this find so remarkable?

RONEY
These fossils prove --- I firmly believe --- that creatures essentially resembling mankind walked this Earth as long ago as five million years!

There is another stir. Flashguns fire. An ELDERLY JOURNALIST near RONEY is frowning.

6 Continued

ELDERLY JOURNALIST
Isn't that far further back than has been supposed?

RONEY
Several times as far.

FIRST JOURNALIST
Can you prove it?

RONEY
(after a moment)
No. Not till I've got every scrap of evidence out of here and made full tests. It's just my personal conviction, based on what we've found so far.

FIRST JOURNALIST
What exactly is that?

RONEY
Parts of two skulls, fragments of upper and lower limbs.

FIRST JOURNALIST
Can you say what these -- apemen would have looked like?

ELDERLY JOURNALIST
(acidly)
Hardly, at this stage.

RONEY
Yes, I think I can. At least, I'm prepared to take a chance. Miss Judd --

BARBARA turns to a bulky shape in the corner by the canvas screen. It is covered by an opaque sheet of plastic. She removes the tape tied round it.

RONEY (Cont)
This is my attempt at a reconstruction.

He throws back the plastic sheet to reveal a clay figure. About four feet high, it is built on an armature and only sections of it have been fully modelled in: the head, the chest, parts of the limbs. It stands upright, its long arms dangling almost to the ground. Its forehead is

6 Continued

is domed, the cranium massive.

RONEY (Cont)
The modelled parts show what we've found up to now -- filled out with imaginary flesh. He wasn't very big. He had the face of an ape. But he had a big brain --- and he stood like a man.

The JOURNALISTS crowd in. Flashguns flash.

BARBARA is watching the scene when someone plucks at her arm. It is MISS DOBSON.

MISS DOBSON
Miss Judd ---

BARBARA
Miss Dobson. What is it?

MISS DOBSON
I've struck what seems to be a buried pipe ---

BARBARA glances at the L.T. OFFICIAL, who is standing close by and has overheard this. He and BARBARA follow MISS DOBSON down the planks towards the digging area. RONEY continues talking to the JOURNALISTS.

RONEY
What I must have now is time, I've got to get public support, or there'll be tube trains running over this site, bones and all, before we can ...

MISS DOBSON has reached the place where she was digging. Black metal is showing through the clay. One or two others of the digging party move in to watch as the L.T. OFFICIAL crouches beside it, opening the zip-case in which he carries records of the station's workings.

MISS DOBSON
Whatever it is, it's big. A main water-pipe, perhaps?

L.T. OFFICIAL
Not here.

6 Continued

MISS DOBSON
A sewer, then? That would be awkward, wouldn't it? Good thing I wasn't using a pick-axe!

The L.T. OFFICIAL has his records out now, unfolding a broad diagrammed sheet. He frowns.

L.T. OFFICIAL
There shouldn't be anything.

BARBARA rises. Her face reflects sudden anxiety. RONEY has noticed, and is hurrying down the planks towards them.

BARBARA
Dr Roney ---

RONEY
Anything wrong?

BARBARA
You'd better look.

RONEY joins them. She points to the spot. The L.T. OFFICIAL looks up from where he is crouching with the plans in his hand.

L.T. OFFICIAL
There's just one possibility ---

CUT TO

EXT. STATION ENTRANCE DAY

7 CLOSE SHOT of a legged notice being clapped into position outside the Station Entrance by a POLICEMAN. It reads:

POLICE NOTICE
UNEXPLODED BOMB
KEEP CLEAR

Behind, the steel grille is being drawn almost shut across the Station Entrance.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

8 The SIGHTSEERS are being shepherded out of the area by a couple more helmeted POLICEMEN as an Army Landrover drives up, with a

8 Continued

large canvas-topped truck following behind. A POLICE INSPECTOR comes forward and signals to the vehicles. The L.T. OFFICIAL is with him.

As the Landrover jerks to a halt outside the station, a young, serious-faced officer steps out --- CAPTAIN POTTER. While he has a brief word with the INSPECTOR and OFFICIAL, he is joined by his SERGEANT, CLEGHORN. The four of them hurry towards the entrance.

Meanwhile, CORPORAL GIBSON and THREE SAPPERS are unloading spades and other gear from the truck.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE DAY

9 The last few PASSENGERS have been rounded up and are being shepherded out of the station by a uniformed L.T. INSPECTOR as CAPTAIN POTTER comes striding through with the POLICE INSPECTOR and the L.T. OFFICIAL, CLEGHORN following close behind. The L.T. OFFICIAL indicates the way to the emergency steps leading down to the platform level. As the four disappear below, the L.T. INSPECTOR nods to a COLOURED PORTER and a TICKET-OFFICE MAN who are pulling on their coats -- and all of them move out of the station after the PASSENGERS.

INT. PLATFORM

10 There is nobody on the platform now but RONEY and BARBARA. She is sitting dejectedly on one of the seats while RONEY gets some cigarettes from an automatic machine. At the clatter of Army boots down the emergency stairs, RONEY turns and waves her to get out of sight along the platform. She moves into one of the short cross-tunnels linking the up and down lines, just as the L.T. OFFICIAL appears from the main entrance with POTTER, the INSPECTOR and SERGEANT CLEGHORN. RONEY steps forward to explain himself if necessary.

L.T. INSPECTOR
Oh, this is Dr Roney --

POTTER
Where's the bomb?

The OFFICIAL leads the way to the canvas screen. The door in it stands ajar and they go quickly through. After a moment RONEY follows along the platform as far as the screen.

INT. WORKING AREA

11 The OFFICIAL has indicated the spot, and POTTER and CLEGHORN are beside the suspected bomb. CLEGHORN kicks away the strings, which tangle his boots.

INT. PLATFORM

12 Watching through the doorway in the screen, RONEY winces.

RONEY
(mutters savagely)
That's right! Tear it all up!

He turns and dodges aside as another clatter of Army boots announces the arrival of the SAPPERS, laden with gear.

INT. WORKING AREA

13 Beside the bomb, CLEGHORN is pawing clay away from the shining surface, loosening lumps of it. POTTER is taking headphones and a magnetic microphone from the canvas case slung on his shoulder, frowning at the shape in the clay.

CLEGHORN
What would you say it was, sir?

POTTER
Big ... Maybe a Satan.

CLEGHORN
Yes, sir. Except ... I never seen a Satan with bumps.

There does, indeed, seem to be a convolution in the surface of the thing, showing through the splotched clay. POTTER pulls the headphones over his ears and moves carefully forward. He crouches, gentle wipes the glistening surface and places the microphone against it. It slides off.

POTTER catches it, puzzled, tries again. It falls off again. This time he holds it against the side and listens for a moment.

POTTER
No ticking. Odd, though ... the mike didn't stick. So it can't be steel. And there's no corrosion of the surface. Feel it.

CLEGHORN does so, and is equally puzzled as he rubs his fingers

13 Continued

along the surface.

POTTER (Cont)
We'll go down a bit. Let the dog see the rabbit.

The SERGEANT grins, rises, turns to his men.

CLEGHORN
Gibson ... there you are ,.. two men, with shovels.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WORKING AREA

14 An hour or so later.

A SAPPER's spade gently prises a clod of clay aside, revealing still more of the 'thing'. It is becoming increasingly obvious that it lies at an angle, that the main body lies buries in the section of tunnel not yet excavated. What we can see of it is strangely convoluted, twisted into a complex relief of ridges and indentations.

POTTER
Right, Sergeant. Five minutes.

CLEGHORN, who has been digging with the rest of the squad and is smothered in mud like them, stands back muttering a repetition of the order. He moves to join POTTER, who has carefully cleared a patch of the dark surface until it gleams like glass.

POTTER (Cont)
You know, I don't think this is any kind of metal.

CLEGHORN
Then ... what, sir?

POTTER shakes his head, but is saved from having to reply by the appearance of RONEY through the door in the screen.

RONEY
Captain Potter ... Can you tell me yet how long this is going to take? I realise it must be ... (difficult ...)

14 Continued

POTTER
Look, sir, I advised you to leave.

RONEY
I know, but you'll appreciate I have a special interest ... How long would you say?

POTTER
I don't know - yet.

RONEY
Look, Captain Potter - you're a young man. You can't possibly have had the wartime experience that would ...

POTTER looks at him sharply.

POTTER
I should call in a second opinion, is that it?

RONEY
Well ...

POTTER
Don't worry, I intend to.

POTTER marches off towards the stairs, leaving RONEY and CLEGHORN staring after him.

CUT TO

INT. WAR OFFICE BUNKER(ANTE-ROOM

15 It is a couple of hours later, but in this place there is neither day nor night. It is part of a complex of concrete bunkers far below Whitehall. Ceilings here are massively reinforced by supports that jut from the walls like inverted buttresses. Blast-proof doors like those of strong-rooms are at present slid back into their sockets, with light push-doors separating rooms and passages. Above each is a cluster of warning lamps. The steel furniture looks enormously efficient.

One of the many telephones rings and an ORDERLY OFFICER picks it up.

15 Continued

ORDERLY OFFICER
G.M.2.... just a moment, sir.

He looks across the room to a harassed ADJUTANT, who is sorting out files of papers.

ORDERLY OFFICER (Cont)
For Colonel Breen.

ADJUTANT
Oh, I'll take it. Scrambler?

ORDERLY OFFICER
No. Blue. Clear.

The ADJUTANT looks mildly surprised that an uncoded call should come through to G.M.2. He picks up the appropriate receiver.

ADJUTANT
Hello? I'm afraid Colonel Breen is not availble. What's it about? .....
A Bomb?
(indignant on Breen's behalf)
But surely you realise he's no longer connected with ---! How big? Good God!

He swings round in his chair to look at the door of the adjoining main office.

ADJUTANT
Give me the details. I'll get the message to him as soon as he's free.

The CAMERA has left him and is moving towards the door. The muffled sound of voices raised in anger can just be heard.

INT. WAR OFFICE BUNKER CONFERENCE ROOM

16 On one wall of the more sumptuously furnished conference room next door is a huge photographic blow-up of Mars. The surface details are marked in with more detail than usual; and in addition there are squared-off patches, numbered, and tangential approach-lines from space that run into orbits round the planet.

16 Continued

In front of it stands a man in the uniform of a full colonel, immaculate, cold in manner.

BREEN
What is there to argue about? Surely the purpose is clear?

QUATERMASS (O.S.)
Colonel Breen!

Grey-haired, in his middle fifties, BERNARD QUATERMASS is glaring angrily at BREEN across a large table littered with papers, plans, and models of multi-stage rockets. The third man present is HOWELL, a principal official of the War Office, sitting with fingers pressed tip to tip and lips pursed as he watches. Behind them on the wall is another huge blow-up, this time of the Moon, marked out even more definitely than the other with painted patches and operation-flags.

QUATERMASS
My Rocket Group has been intended all along for peaceful scientific research ---

HOWELL
Professor Quatermass -- your Rocket Group?

QUATERMASS
Yes. Mine. I brought the whole thing into being.

HOWELL
But it is, after all, a government project. And now the government has had a change of policy.

QUATERMASS
(hackles rising)
Change of policy! You're going to take it over and pervert it to this --- this ---

HOWELL glares at BREEN, who steps forward. He speaks with impersonal crispness.

BREEN
Listen to me. Within ten years there will be permanent bases on the Moon, and possibly on Mars ---

16 Continued

QUATERMASS
Military bases.

BREEN
Of course. The state of world politics leaves no doubt about that. Whoever plants them first can police the Earth with ballistic missiles ...

QUATERMASS
(wearily)
So we must be in the race.

BREEN
Exactly.

QUATERMASS
The ultimate weapon. It always is.

He looks from one to the other, wondering if anything he can say will make any difference.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
Gentlemen, don't you see ... we're on the edge of a new dimension of discovery ... It's a great chance ... to leave our vices behind ... war first of all. Not to go out there dragging our hatreds and our frontiers along with us.

BREEN
Frankly, I'm surprised ... and disturbed ... to hear such naive views still put forward.

QUATERMASS
Naive!

HOWELL
Please, now, both of you ---

QUATERMASS
(exploding)
Colonel Breen, it seems to me you've lost touch with humanity! You've been shut away too long in this air-conditioned tomb of yours ... that's your trouble!

16 Continued

To his surprise, he sees that the others are smiling.

HOWELL
Well, he'll be out of it soon. Colonel Breen is joining you at the Rocket Group.

QUATERMASS
What!

HOWELL
At the end of the week. I think you'll agree about his fitness - unrivalled experience of military rockets - missiles.

QUATERMASS
(thickly)
I'll fight this right at top level....

HOWELL
(gently)
I shouldn't. It came from there.

As QUATERMASS turns away, suddenly defeated, HOWELL puts a hand on his shoulder.

HOWELL (Cont)
It'll work out. Now, if you'll both excuse me, I've another meeting. Nose to the grindstone ...

Papers already gathered up, he shakes BREEN's hand and goes quickly. BREEN comes to QUATERMASS.

QUATERMASS
I won't resign, if that's what you want.

BREEN
Of course not. I'm sure we'll get on quite well. Why not have dinner with me? My club?

The ADJUTANT appears in the doorway, clearing his throat. As BREEN glances round, he comes forward and hands over a message.

BREEN (Cont)
(reading irritably)
I can't possibly ... Who's this from? ... Oh, I see...

16 Continued

He turns to QUATERMASS.

BREEN (Cont)
Quatermass, sometimes my wartime work still catches up with me. Mind if we stop off on the way? For a couple of minutes?

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

17 A brand-new Army staff car passes through the wooden barrier that has been thrown across the street. As the POLICE on duty lower the barrier again, the car pulls up outside the station. The POLICE INSPECTOR is there to greet BREEN. The ARMY DRIVER springs out and opens the door smartly for BREEN. He gets out, glances back at QUATERMASS with an unspoken query while the DRIVER almost closes the door on him. QUATERMASS pushes it open. He follows BREEN and the INSPECTOR into the Station Entrance.

INT. PLATFORM

18 Down below, the canvas screen has been entirely removed. Working lights have been set up round a much enlarged hole that has been dug round the supposed bomb. CORPORAL GIBSON is hovering on the platform, awaiting the arrival of BREEN. All RONEY's apparatus has been removed to the other end of the platform, beyond the entrance. RONEY and BARBARA are crouching there in the shadows.

BREEN comes down the steps with the POLICE INSPECTOR, followed by QUATERMASS. CORPORAL GIBSON springs to attention and flings up a salute as they appear. They follow him along the platform towards the working area.

They stare down.

INT. WORKING AREA: NEW EXCAVATION

19 The clay has been dug away all round the forepart of the huge shape, exposing it enough to convey some idea of its total size and extra-ordinary structure.

The Squad has been enlarged to a dozen SAPPERS, all hard at work shifting clay and shoring up the sides and roof of the cavity. Two or three figures are busy round a circular hole in the thing, about halfway along its apparent length. Almost unrecognisable in their coating of wet mud -- for one of the SAPPERS is operating a water-

19 Continued

spray to soften the clay just inside the opening -- are POTTER and CLEGHORN. CLEGHORN is actually inside the great hull, gouging out handfuls of clay.

POTTER glances up and sees the approaching party. He scrambles clear as BREEN and QUATERMASS clamber down the ladder into the excavation area.

POTTER
(managing some kind of salute)
Captain Potter, sir. I hope you didn't mind my ---

BREEN
(riding)
Any sign of its mechanism yet?

POTTER
None, sir. We've found this cavity but there's only impacted clay inside.

BREEN moves past him to inspect the 'thing' more closely. QUATERMASS joins him.

QUATERMASS
Any guesses?

BREEN
Possibly - a German V weapon.

QUATERMASS
What, a flying-bomb? A V rocket? It's not either of those.

BREEN
Obviously. They weren't the only surprises they cooked up during the war ... there were more than we ever really suspected.

CLEGHORN turns, with excitement in his voice.

CLEGHORN
Sir ...

19 Continued

POTTER
(scrambling to him)
What is it?

CLEGHORN
I don't know. It may just be a stone.

POTTER unhooks an inspection-lamp from where it hangs on a long spike jammed in the clay. He points it into the cavity. Moistened by the spray which the SERGEANT has just waved aside, mud is glistening and trickling under CLEGHORN's fingers. As it washes down, the eye-sockets of a skull appear.

CLEGHORN (Cont)
It's another of them!

POTTER calls up to CORPORAL GIBSON.

POTTER
Corporal! Is Dr Roney still there?

INT. PLATFORM

20 GIBSON
(calls back)
Yes, sir --- I'll fetch him --

But RONEY is not waiting to be fetched. At the sound of his name being called out, he has jumped up from the box on which he was sitting at the far end of the platform, and comes flying along towards the excavation. BARBARA turns to collect instruments before she follows.

INT. EXCAVATION

21 BREEN turns and stares as RONEY comes plunging down the ladder into the excavation.

POTTER
It's a skull.

RONEY
Let me see!

He slithers through the piled clay, almost colliding with BREEN, who grabs him.

21 Continued

RONEY
Thanks ---

BREEN
(angrily, to Potter)
Who is this man? Potter, is he attached to you?

POTTER
No, sir. That is ---

RONEY
(pulling himself free)
Let me go!

He stumbles over to the cavity and crouches to work on the find with his bare hands.

QUATERMASS
(to Breen)
Don't you know? Dr Roney's the Man of the Moment. This place is news.

BREEN
He's no business here now.

QUATERMASS
Hasn't he?

He moves closer to watch as RONEY dislodges the skull.

RONEY
It's magnificent! Better than anything we've got so far --- almost intact!

QUATERMASS
Intact?

RONEY
Yes -- yes --

He rises with the precious skull in his hands, still embedded in a mass of dripping clay. Unlike the earlier one, what can be seen of its outline shows it to be almost undamaged. RONEY starts towards the platform, where -- to BREEN's further amazement -- BARBARA has appeared with a flat metal tray and other instruments.

21 Continued

QUATERMASS
How did it get right inside there?

BREEN
It was here in the clay. When the missile struck, it got rammed through.

QUATERMASS
Unbroken? A fragile fossil?

BREEN gives him a sharp look.

INT. PLATFORM

22 GIBSON gives RONEY a steadying hand as he gains the platform.

RONEY
This proves everything! It's all I needed ---

BARBARA moves to help him with it.

RONEY
No, no! Leave it to me!

BARBARA
(tray ready to slip beneath it)
It's slippery --- you might drop it ---

RONEY
(moving off down the platform)
Drop it? Not on your life! Oh, this cranium ---

BARBARA shrugs as he hurries towards the trestle tables. QUATERMASS comes into view up the ladder. He calls:

QUATERMASS
Dr Roney ---

He follows RONEY along the platform.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
Dr Roney ---

22 Continued

Laying the skull carefully down on the trestle table, RONEY glances round at him.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
My name's Quatermass.

RONEY
Look, I've got to get this under treatment.
(he pulls of his jacket)
Are you one of these bomb experts?

QUATERMASS
Not exactly. That skull's remarkably well preserved.

RONEY
(busying himself with instruments and perservative sprays)
Yes, isn't it? Far better than the first --

QUATERMASS
What do you think protected it?

RONEY
(absently)
Mm? Well, obviously, if it was inside that --- inside that --
(as the significance of it strikes him, he stares at Quatermass)
Good heavens! I was so concerned just now that I didn't --- it was inside ---
That's no bomb!

QUATERMASS
(nods at the skull)
How old is this fossil skull?

RONEY
About --- five million years. It could be more ---

The two men stare at each other in silence. Then QUATERMASS looks round and sees BREEN and POTTER conferring at the end of the platform by the excavation.

22 Continued

QUATERMASS
Excuse me.

He starts towards them, leaving RONEY staring, bewildered. He passes BARBARA, who has put down the unwanted instruments. She has overheard.

BREEN is thumbing through a clip of flimsy papers.

BREEN
These are all the Civil Defence records of the area?

POTTER
Yes, sir.

QUATERMASS
(joining them)
Breen, I'd like a word with you ---

BREEN
Just a moment.
(to Potter)
You're certain?

POTTER
There were no H.E. bombs on the street above here. Just a few incendiaries --- and they only did damage because some of the houses were empty.

QUATERMASS
Empty?

BREEN
(pointing out the obvious)
Evacuated. Thank you, Potter.

He hands back the clip of papers and starts down into the excavation again. QUATERMASS detects doubt in POTTER's face.

QUATERMASS
Were they evacuated?

POTTER
No, sir. The Police say they were abandoned, years before the war.

22 Continued

BREEN is beckoning. POTTER hurries to join him. QUATERMASS is left frowning. He hardly notices as BARBARA comes up behind him.

BARBARA
I wondered about those houses.

QUATERMASS
You've seen 'em?

BARBARA
(rapidly, as if she has been longing to say this to somebody)
Yes, I went to look --- you see, we've been working here for two days, my name's Barbara Judd, I help Dr Roney -- and this street up there, not the main road, the side one, it's somehow so odd ---

QUATERMASS
Can you show me?

BARBARA glances along the platform to where RONEY is utterly absorbed in his work on the skull.

BARBARA
I'm not needed for a few minutes.

She and QUATERMASS make for the exit.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY (DUSK IF POSSIBLE)

23 In the background, the tower cranes are at work, their lights on. The area round the station is deserted, with police barriers set up across Hobbs End Road so as to enclose the station entrance and also the opening into Hobbs Lane. There is a POLICEMAN on duty at each barrier. The Army staff car waits outside the station.

QUATERMASS and the GIRL come out of the station by the smaller side entrance that gives into Hobbs Lane.

One of the two POLICEMEN, the older, P.C. ELLIS, watches them as they turn into the little street. He starts slowly after them.

EXT. HOBBS LANE DAY (DUSK IF POSSIBLE)

24 The houses here are mean and depressing, with windows long boarded up. Broken roof beams are picked out against the sky, bare and slateless, with the cranes at work beyond. (If anyone cares to work out the geography, they are actually above the 'thing' buried in the tunnel below).

QUATERMASS and BARBARA turn to the nearest house. QUATERMASS tries the door. The rusted padlock falls off at his touch and the door creaks open.

INT. HOUSE DAY/DUSK

25 Although it is still day, the effect of the boarded windows is to make it as eerie as if it were night. QUATERMASS snaps on his cigarette lighter. It picks out ghostly patches of fallen plaster on the floor, and skeleton walls of bare laths. He and the GIRL move slowly forward, feet crunching.

They move into what was once a small living-room. It has the same depressing appearance. Then a voice calls behind them:

ELLIS' VOICE (O.S.)
Hullo, there.

QUATERMASS turns to see the bulky figure silhouetted in the doorway.

QUATERMASS
Who's that? Oh --- officer ---

ELLIS
I've got to warn you, sir. These buildings aren't safe.

He snaps on his lamp as he approaches. It lights up the ruined interior.

QUATERMASS
Thanks. If you'll just shine that round for a moment, I think we'll have seen all we want.
(looking about)
Yes ... Are you a local man? D'you know how long these houses have been abandoned?

ELLIS
Must be over thirty years.

25 Continued

QUATERMASS
Why?

ELLIS
(uncomfortably)
Well --- people wouldn't live here. Some kind of scare. All nonsense, I dare say.

QUATERMASS
You remember it?

ELLIS
The fuss --- yes. It was in all the papers. Let me see, must've been the year after the General Strike.

QUATERMASS
1927.

ELLIS
That's right. I was only a nipper then. But I knew a kid lived in one of these --- they had to clear out, it got that bad. Noises, bumps, even things being seen.

QUATERMASS
Seen? You mean ghosts?

ELLIS
(a clumsy laugh)
I said it was -- a lot of nonsense. But you know how these tales run wild --- once they get a start ---

He has turned and, in turning, his lamp has lit up the wall of the staircase. The treads and most of the rises have long since gone, but an overhanging remnant of the ceiling has protected some of the plaster wall. Without alarm, BARBARA puts a hand to ELLIS's. She is looking up the stairway.

ELLIS
What is it, Miss?

She does not answer, but turns the lamp he is holding, to point it up the stairs.

25 Continued

QUATERMASS
Those scratches!

Picked out by the lamp, the marks in the plaster look like slashes made by huge talons.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
What could have made them?

ELLIS says nothing. QUATERMASS glances at him, lit by the back-glare of the lamp from the pale wall. His face is close to terror and streaming with sweat. He tries to collect himself.

ELLIS
Kids, sir. Kids playing about ...
must've made 'em ....

He stumbles towards the door.

EXT. HOBBS LANE DAY/DUSK

26 P.C. ELLIS comes out of the house mopping his face. He is followed closely by QUATERMASS and BARBARA.

ELLIS
Sorry about that, sir. Must've been a bit warm inside there.

QUATERMASS
Yes ...

ELLIS moves off back to the barrier. QUATERMASS and BARBARA follow.

As they reach the side entrance of the Station, they hear people moving inside.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE DAY/DUSK

27 BREEN is there, exchanging a word with POTTER at the top of the emergency steps. POTTER salutes and clatters back down the steps. BREEN turns to QUATERMASS as he comes through the side entrance. The GIRL stays outside.

BREEN
Ah -- Quatermass. I've decided to stay with this case for another day or so. If you're agreeable.

27 Continued

QUATERMASS
Of course.

BREEN
You return to the Rocket Group and I'll join you.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY/DUSK

28 The DRIVER is holding the door of the staff car open in readiness as BREEN and QUATERMASS come from the station entrance.

QUATERMASS
As a matter of fact, I'd like to hang on too. If you're agreeable.

BREEN's lips tighten at this repetition of his own phrase. He nods.

BREEN
As you wish. I've arranged for a relief squad to work all night. Tomorrow we should expose the entire missile.
(indicating the car)
Can I ---?

QUATERMASS
No, thank you. I'll find my own way.

BREEN
Sorry about the dinner. Some other time.

And he is gone. The car door shuts and in a moment more it is sweeping away.

QUATERMASS looks round for BARBARA.

QUATERMASS
Miss Judd - -

He sees her standing at the corner of Hobbs Lane, looking up at something on the wall. He starts towards her.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
We'd better get down there and give your boss a hand. He'll be expected to get his gear away ---

28 Continued

BARBARA
(frowning up at the corner)
Hob's Lane.

QUATERMASS joins her and looks up too.

INSERT OF THE TWO NAME-PLATES

29 QUATERMASS (O.S.)
They've changed the spelling. New one's like Hobbs the cricketer.

RESUME

30 BARBARA
But the old one. "Hob" was once a sort of pet name for the Devil.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. NICKLIN INSTITUTE CORRIDOR DAY

31 A dark, dingy corridor opens on to showcases and the mounted skeletons of small dinosaurs. (Check Natural History Museum).

A uniformed ATTENDANT appears with QUATERMASS, directing him down the passage. He comes along it, peering at the names on doors. One opens just ahead of him and RONEY looks out.

RONEY
Quatermass -- come in.

INT. RONEY'S WORKSHOP DAY

32 QUATERMASS looks about him as he follows RONEY into the room. It is brightly lit by large windows, and its whole character suggests a kind of eccentric efficiency. Shelves contain things as bizarre as tiny primate skeletons bottled in alcohol, or as ordinary as rows of books.

Half the room is filled with apparatus. Electronic units cover a large workbench, under the jealous eye of a young TECHNICIAN. A heavy-faced man (JOHNSON) in overalls is sitting in a chair, his head encased in a mass of apparatus with wires trailing from it to one of the units on the bench. A SECOND TECHNICIAN is supervising this. The wall immediately behind is covered with skulls, each on a small plastic mount; mostly primitive; Neanderthal, Rhodesian, Pekin,

32 Continued

Chellean, Australopithecus, Taungs Ape, Proconsul. In the foreground stands the reconstruction of the Hobbs End Apeman, with gleaming white plaster-casts of recently found skulls on the table beside it.

RONEY
Our daily work - business as usual, whatever happens in Hobbs End.

QUATERMASS
Electronics?

RONEY
We don't just dig with trowels, you know. Not all the time. Have some coffee?

There are cups and a jug on a tray. He pours, turning to the man in the chair.

RONEY (Cont)
'You had a cup, Mr Johnson?

JOHNSON
(nodding at the empty one beside him)
I have, ta.

SECOND TECHNICIAN
Don't nod.

JOHNSON straightens up in his chair. The SECOND TECHNICIAN readjusts one of the settings on the apparatus covering his head.

RONEY
(passing a cup of coffee to QUATERMASS)
Mr Johnson's kindly obliging us for some tests. You see, some of his skull dimensions happen to match those of our friend here ... who died in the Second Ice Age.

He taps a Neanderthal skull mounted on a stand a yard or so from JOHNSON's head. It is surmounted by a small halo-like apparatus, from which wires run to that which JOHNSON is wearing.

32 Continued

JOHNSON
(grinning)
I'm real primitive.

RONEY
We all are, Mr Johnson. Now ... ready for another run?

The FIRST TECHNICIAN raises his thumb in acknowledgement, his eyes glued on the oscillograph in front of him. So does the SECOND TECHNICIAN. RONEY flicks a switch. Indicator-lamps blink and something on the halo starts to revolve asymmetrically.

RONEY (Cont)
Scanner on. Mr Johnston, proceed with the puzzle, will you?

JOHNSON lifts an intelligence-test puzzle from the small table in front of him, and fiddles with it, frowning. RONEY glances at the apparatus surrounding the man's head. Here, also, indicator-lamps are flickering.

QUATERMASS
That encephalograph - something special?

RONEY smiles. His hands flutter round it, hardly able to restrain themselves from touching the delicately-adjusted settings.

RONEY
It can locate the minutest areas of the brain. We take readings limited by the scanner there - and analyse them. We're gradually building up a picture of what that Ice Age man might have been able to think and do ...
(catching Quatermass' eye, he gives a quick grin, almost shame-faced, and comes forward)
Sorry. Forgive the commercial.

QUATERMASS
The Roney Analysis. I like it.

Behind the TWO TECHNICIANS are carrying on with the experiment, busily checking. RONEY picks up one of the fresh plaster-casts.

32 Continued

RONEY
I want to apply it to the Hobbs End finds. Their age'll make it harder to find any descendent approximations, of course ...

QUATERMASS
Descendants?

RONEY
(smiling)
If the thought's been occurring to you that they weren't of this earth ...

From the way QUATERMASS stiffens, RONEY knows he is right.

RONEY (Cont)
... put it out of your mind. They're new to us, but they fit into the known scheme of things.
(he nods at the reconstruction)
They've got a line of ancestry as far back as thirty million years ... and, I believe, a clear line of descent right down to ourselves.
(turning to a filing cabinet)
The oddest thing about them is the shape of the skull ... as if it had suddenly enlarged about that period.
(pulling open a drawer and rummaging among the files)
I've got it all charted ... Where is that girl?

QUATERMASS
Your Miss Judd?

RONEY
Yes. She said she wanted a couple of hours to herself this morning -- at a time like this! Trust a woman!

QUATERMASS glances at his watch.

QUATERMASS
I should be getting along to Hobbs End. Are you coming?

32 Continued

RONEY
Not much I can do there at present. And I don't think your colleague likes my face.

QUATERMASS
Colleague?

RONEY
Your Colonel Breen.
(showing him to the door)
Sorry, Quatermass, but he's the type I detest on sight.

QUATERMASS
I'm glad to hear it.
(he smiles at Roney's surprise)
It's a long story. I'll tell you sometime. Goodbye now.

RONEY opens the door for him.

RONEY
See you later.

INT. CORRIDOR DAY

33 QUATERMASS starts down the corridor, the door closing behind him. As he reaches the corner, he almost collides with BARBARA JUDD.

BARBARA
Oh, you're leaving. I've got something to show you.

She is pulling her briefcase open.

QUATERMASS
I'm due at the excavation.

She glances doubtfully along the corridor then:

BARBARA
I'll come along --- show you on the way.

They start out past the showcases and the mounted skeletons.

INT. TAXI (PROCESS) DAY

34 (PLATE of London Streets)

As QUATERMASS pulls the door shut and sits back, BARBARA is pulling a sheaf of large stiff sheets from the briefcase.

QUATERMASS
Photocopies?

BARBARA
(nods)
They're of old newspaper files.

QUATERMASS
(reading)
"The Hobbs Lane Spook, May 18th 1927 ... Figure that Walked Through Bedroom Wall ...." Why did you do this?

BARBARA
I thought last night you seemed curious. There's a lot about it.

QUATERMASS
(reading)
"The figure was small, said Mr Parker, like a hideous dwarf ...."
(suddenly slapping the clipped sheets down in disgust)
No! I've slept on it and -- look, we're both scientists. We can't allow ourselves to let in the supernatural like this.

He frowns at the sunlit London streets outside. BARBARA picks up the sheets and turns to another of them.

BARBARA
(reads)
"August 1927. Curious crowds at Hobbs Lane became so large that work was held up on the new Underground Railway Station."

QUATERMASS
(turns)
The station --- they were making it then ---?

34 Continued

BARBARA
Digging all round that same spot!

CUT TO

INT. PLATFORM

35 As QUATERMASS and BARBARA come down the station steps on to the platform, they halt and stare.

INT. EXCAVATION

36 The floor of the tunnel is swarming with SAPPERS, all muddy from hours of digging. And for the first time the great hull is completely exposed, black and glittering under the working lights. Its diameter is more than the height of a man, its length nearly thirty feet.

Evidently the clearing of the interior has been a messy job, for water-logged clay is everywhere, squelching underfoot. A small electric pump on wheels stands near the opening, a long flexible metal hose leading in through it. Now CAPTAIN POTTER is directing the flame of an oxy-acetylene burner on the edge of the opening, his eyes covered with dark goggles. SERGEANT CLEGHORN is checking the dials of the gas cylinders. BREEN turns to QUATERMASS as he joins them.

BREEN
Quatermass ...

QUATERMASS
You've cleared the inside?

BREEN
Completely. Even washed it down. There's nothing, it's an empty shell ... apart from ...

QUATERMASS
(moving forward)
Let me see ...

BREEN
(checking him)
In a moment.

QUATERMASS
What's going on?

36 Continued

BREEN
A test.
(he glances his his watch and calls above the noise of the burner)
Right, Potter ... that's got to be enough.

POTTER cuts off the flame and turns to them, pulling the goggles from his eyes.

POTTER
No effect, sir.

BREEN
It must have had,

Stepping quickly across, he puts his hand cautiously to the spot - then rests on it.

BREEN (Cont)
I don't understand .... the burner was on it for five full minutes and it's not even warm ...

POTTER
Want to try again, sir?

BREEN
No. We can give up hope of cutting a way through that.
(to the puzzled Quatermass)
We've found what seems to be a sealed compartment.

QUATERMASS
What?

QUATERMASS goes quickly to the opening. POTTER moves to lend him a hand.

POTTER
Keep your gloves on, sir.

As QUATERMASS looks at him, he slips off one of his gauntlets, to show heavy bandages beneath.

36 Continued

POTTER (Cont)
The Sergeant's got a touch of it, too. Like frostbite. Mild, though.

QUATERMASS
From touching this?

POTTER
I don't see how, sir . . . it's not cold,, but . . .

He helps QUATERMASS to heave himself in through the opening, remaining outside himself.

INT. HULL

37 As we look down the length of it, we see that nearly all the mud has been cleared. The faceted surface shines dark and smooth - as bare as the inside of a bottle. Only the flexible hose droops in through the opening and along the floor.

QUATERMASS
What's this?

POTTER
Only our pump. We had a bit of a flood when we washed it down.

Turning, QUATERMASS almost falls headlong. POTTER manages to grab him.

POTTER
Careful - it's like glass in there.

QUATERMASS confronts the flat bulkhead a yard or so on the other side of the opening.

QUATERMASS
I see. Blocked right across.

POTTER
Yes, sir. So unless it's solid, there's something on the other side of that.
(without much conviction)
It could be a warhead.

37 Continued

QUATERMASS
Says Colonel Breen.
(Potter looks uncomfortable)
Hullo, what made these marks?

POTTER
Marks? Not us - this stuff's harder than diamond. We've tested.

QUATERMASS
There seem to be ... Got a cloth? Something to wipe it down?

POTTER tosses him a wrung-out cloth, and he rubs at the patchy film of mud on the bulkhead. POTTER swings in an inspection lamp and directs it.

A CLOSE SHOT of the black surface, as it gleams, shows a faintly-etched pattern - a delicate tracery of interlocking circles.

POTTER
All over it ...

QUATERMASS
Yes.
(he stands back - and realises what he is seeing)
Good grief!

POTTER
They form a pattern.

QUATERMASS
More exactly, they form a pentacle. One of the cabalistic signs used in ancient magic.

POTTER stares. QUATERMASS reaches for a helping hand to climb out.

POTTER
(uneasily)
I suppose ... I'd better mention this to the Colonel ...?

37 Continued

QUATERMASS
No. It wouldn't fit in with warheads.

INT. EXCAVATION

38 QUATERMASS comes out, followed by POTTER.

POTTER
Sergeant, get this pump out of the way.

CLEGHORN
Sir. West - inside and clear that hose. Two men to shift that pump.

Little SAPPER WEST scrambles in through the opening. Others start manhandling the electric pump aside, disconnecting it.

QUATERMASS talks to BREEN.

QUATERMASS
Resistant to heat of three thousand degrees - harder than diamond - it's the material every rocket engineer's been looking for.

BREEN
What are you trying to say?

QUATERMASS
That the Germans didn't make this and then lose the secret. You ask Von Braun.

BREEN
If I can get that bulkhead opened up ...

QUATERMASS
Try borazon. It's a lot harder than diamond. Can you get hold of a borazon drill?

BREEN
It may mean bringing in a civilian operator ...

There is a long screech of utter terror, echoing inside the hull Everyone turns, and QUATERMASS throws himself towards the opening.

INT. HULL

39 Inside, SAPPER WEST is crouching on the floor, his face turned to the blank, shining surface. He is shuddering, as QUATERMASS slithers his way across to him, with POTTER behind.

POTTER
West ...

QUATERMASS grabs the little man by his shoulder and swings him round. His eyes are staring wildly.

WEST
It was ...

His eyes search the interior. His voice drops to a choking whisper.

WEST (Cont)
It was ... like a figure. It went ... went through the side!

QUATERMASS stares at him. Then he nods quickly towards the opening, and he and POTTER manage to mandhandle WEST along the treacherous surface.

INT. EXCAVATION

40 Outside, SERGEANT CLEGHORN is waiting to grab him. WEST clings to CLEGHORN's arm as he is passed through. He sags to his knees, hardly seeming to notice BREEN and the others as they crowd round him.

BREEN
Is he ill?

QUATERMASS
He may be.

CLEGHORN
All right, West. Take it easy, lad.

QUATERMASS
Get him away from it!

He grabs the man's other arm and he and CLEGHORN steer the shaking man to the ladder.

WEST
(murmurs)
I thought it was the wall shining ....

40 Continued

WEST (Cont)
and then it moved, and came at me ...

The SAPPERS working nearby stop work and stare at him.

CORPORAL GIBSON
(softly)
Little Westie's got the horrors.
(to Potter)
What did he see, sir?

BREEN
(before POTTER can answer)
Nothing. The confined space affected him. A man like that should never have been on this work.

POTTER
(to Men)
Right - carry on. Gibson - with me.

INT. PLATFORM

41 SAPPER WEST has been led to a canvas chair near the trestle-table area. BARBARA has found a flask in Roney's medicine chest and is giving him a draught of brandy from it. WEST splutters and opens his eyes. For a moment, they are blank, then they open wide in terror. The fear has returned. He looks wildly around.

CLEGHORN
(sharply)
Now pull yourself together!

QUATERMASS
Sergeant, that's not the way.

He moves in front of the shaking WEST.

QUATERMASS
What did you see?

WEST
(confused)
I dunno ...

41 Continued

QUATERMASS
You said a figure.

WEST
(nods)
It went --- sort of crooked. Horrible!
I dunno --- just horrible.

CLEGHORN
With its head tucked underneath its arm?

QUATERMASS
(angrily)
Shut up!

WEST
(grabbing at Quatermass' sleeve)
I did see something, sir --- I did! It was --- little ---

BARBARA's voice cuts in sharply.

BARBARA
"The figure was small . . . like a hideous dwarf . . ."

WEST
(hoarsely)
That was it!
(after a moment, puzzled)
What made you say that, miss? How did you know?

POTTER has come up, and QUATERMASS speaks to him quietly.

QUATERMASS
Get him away. He'd better go sick.

POTTER
I'll write a note to the M.O.

He turns to WEST.

41 Continued

QUATERMASS
Captain Potter -- he'd better not talk to the other men.

POTTER nods. He and CLEGHORN get the still shaking man on to his feet and help him away towards the exit. QUATERMASS looks at BARBARA. He puts out his hand for the brandy flask she still holds.

QUATERMASS
D'you mind?
(as she hands it to him)
I don't normally before noon, but ---
(he takes a deep swig)
Thank you.

He hands the flask back and starts towards the excavation.

INT. EXCAVATION

42 The SAPPERS are stacking their equipment. QUATERMASS appears at the top of the ladder and calls down.

QUATERMASS
Breen!

BREEN, who is giving instructions to CORPORAL GIBSON, looks up resentfully at his lack of ceremony.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
If you don't mind -- hold up any attempt to drill that bulkhead until I get back.

BREEN
Where are you going?

QUATERMASS
To find something out.

And he is gone.

INT. PLATFORM

43 BARBARA joins QUATERMASS as he hurries back along the platform and they go through the exit together.

MIX TO

INT. MUSEUM VAULT

44 CLOSE SHOT of an 18th-century street pamphlet. Under a crude wood-cut of ghostly shapes with antler-like horns comes the title: "A True Hiftorie of the Hob's Lane Ghoftes". It is subtitled: "Authentick Teftimonial Concerning the Amazing Events at Hob's Lane. Alarming Noises and Spectrall Appearances."

QUATERMASS and BARBARA are poring over this and other pamphlets spread on a table. They are in a gloomy, echoing vault lined with shelves of ancient and massive volumes.

BARBARA
(reading)
'Alarming noises and spectral appearances' .... September, 1763.

QUATERMASS
(reading from another)
Listen: 'Our informant further states that grievous sounds emanating from the very earth ... have so affrighted certain fellows employed in the digging of a well that one is like to die mad'.

BARBARA
Digging a well? Any of the others mention that?

QUATERMASS
Not so far ...

Both of them turn to search through other pamphlets. An elderly LIBRARIAN comes up to them with a large, open box-file.

LIBRARIAN
Finding what you want?

QUATERMASS
Some.

LIBRARIAN
(putting down the box-file)
A few more for you. Street pamphlets are your best source for that sort of thing ... nonsense stories and wild rumours. Amazing what they'd believe in those days.

44 Continued

QUATERMASS
Yes. Thanks.
(as the Librarian shuffles away)
I suppose it's possible for ... for ghosts, let's use the word ... to be phenomena that were badly observed and wrongly explained ...

BARBARA
(reading; absorbed)
'One inhabitant of Hob's Lane doth assert he hath several times descried the apparition of a hideous goblin ... and once, several.'

QUATERMASS
Several ...

BARBARA
"And that this place is long notorious for weird happenings." Where next?

QUATERMASS
(picking up his hat)
The archives of Westminster Abbey, I think.

He leads the way out.

INT. ABBEY ARCHIVES DAY

45 CLOSE-SHOT of a 14th-century manuscript. It shows black, almost insect-like figures. Surrounding them is a gothic-lettered text in Latin. The page is part of an ancient leather-bound volume of huge size, now carefully held open by an ABBEY LIBRARIAN, a highly-qualified expert. QUATERMASS and BARBARA JUDD are with him.

ABBEY LIBRARIAN
(translating)
'In the winter of the year 1341, the religious of that region did strive against an outbreak of evil at Hobbes Lane ---'
(he looks at Quatermass)

QUATERMASS
Please go on. My Latin's not up to it.

ABBEY LIBRARIAN
(continues)
'Imps and demons did appear. Foul

45 Continued

ABBEY LIBRARIAN (Cont)
noises sent by the Devil ... did sorely afflict the charcoal-burners that had lately come there ..."

QUATERMASS
Charcoal-burners!

ABBEY LIBRARIAN
(checking)
Yes, that's right.

QUATERMASS
They'd be felling trees, big ones, heavy ones!
(to Barbara)
In 1763 a well was being dug, in 1927 the Underground Station -- and now the extension--

BARBARA
All disturbances of the ground.

ABBEY LIBRARIAN
"This has long been known as a troubled place. It is said that in the time of the Romans ---"

QUATERMASS
(quietly, to Barbara)
I'd better go.

ABBEY LIBRARIAN
I beg your pardon?

QUATERMASS
I have to leave, but Miss Judd will stay on.
(to Barbara)
Find out everything you can. Then collect Dr Roney. I think he should be in on this.
(to the Librarian)
Many thanks.

He goes quickly. The ABBEY LIBRARIAN looks faintly disapproving, then carries on for BARBARA's benefit,

ABBEY LIBRARIAN
"It is said that in the time of the Romans..."

MIX TO

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

46 As QUATERMASS gets out of a taxi at the barrier, and turns to pay the DRIVER, he is disturbed to see a file of SAPPERS, in muddy uniform, coming out of the station entrance. An Army-type electrical generator is standing there making a terrible din.

He hurries across

INT. STATION ENTRANCE DAY

47 POTTER and CLEGHORN are there, CLEGHORN with a portable telephone set. As QUATERMASS enters, POTTER steps forward. He has to shout to make himself heard over the generator.

POTTER
(shouts)
Professor, I've orders to let nobody down there.

QUATERMASS
(shouts)
What's he doing?

POTTER
(shouts)
He's got that drill set up, sir ... the one you suggested.

QUATERMASS
(exasperated)
I asked him to wait ...

He nods at the generator roaring away outside.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
Powered from that, I suppose?

POTTER
Yes, sir - better than the public supply ... just in case.

QUATERMASS
In case it blows up?

POTTER
(firmly)
That's why he won't allow anybody down there, sir.

QUATERMASS
Very considerate of him.

And before POTTER can intercept, he has moved on to the stairs.

INT. EXCAVATION

48 Inside the hull the borazon drill has been set up. It is a powerful

48 Continued

instrument on a swivelling arm that is clamped to the edge of the opening. A battery of lamps has been installed to shine into the hull.

SLADDEN the drill operator, is a tough-looking man with cropped hair. He is obviously afraid of nobody. As he makes his final adjustments, he talks chattily to BREEN.

SLADDEN
I reckon there's nothing this little beauty won't cut through. I did steel armour-plate with it, six inches thick - just like that! Oh, it was legal - bloke shut in a strongroom. I got him out.
(he grins confidentially)
Secret job, like this one.

BREEN
(icily)
Then I'm glad you don't talk about it.

He turns away. SLADDEN pulls a face, returns to his drill.

BREEN sees QUATERMASS coming down the ladder. His face clouds.

BREEN (Cont)
Quatermass, I...

QUATERMASS
(riding)
I think we should hold everything. For a time, at least. I can explain...

BREEN
We're going ahead - now.

He has picked up a field telephone and is pressing the call button. He speaks into the mouthpiece.

BREEN (Cont)
Right, Potter.
(to Quatermass)
Get clear, if you want to. There's still time.

QUATERMASS ignores him, crosses to the hull and pulls himself inside.

INT. HULL

49 SLADDEN looks up as QUATERMASS climbs in. He gives a good-natured grin.

SLADDEN
Welcome aboard, mate!

EXT STATION ENTRANCE DAY

50 POTTER appears, looks around to make sure that nobody is in sight. Blows three long blasts on his whistle.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD BARRIER DAY

51 We see that the SAPPERS, with CORPORAL GIBSON, have made themselves comfortable in the shelter of a corner building. Some are squatting on the ground, some smoking, and the inevitable pack of cards has appeared.

One of TWO POLICEMEN turns to GIBSON.

POLICEMAN
They starting?

GIBSON nods.

GIBSON
That's it.

INT. HULL

52 Inside the hull, SLADDEN turns to QUATERMASS. Flexing his fingers, he nods at the bulkhead.

SLADDEN
Know what's inside there?

QUATERMASS shakes his head.

SLADDEN (Cont)
Oh well, I'm insured. You insured? It's a good thing to be insured ... at least it cheers you up.

He turns to BREEN, in the doorway of the hull.

SLADDEN (Cont)
Okay, sir?

52 Continued

BREEN nods. SLADDEN glances at the ammeter on his apparatus.

SLADDEN (Cont)
Right - here we go!

He switches on the drill. It drones loudly. He pushes it into contact with the bulkhead, and the thin screech of a skidding drill-bit is heard. After two or three seconds he withdraws it and switches off. He peers quickly at the spot, gives QUATERMASS a puzzled glance.

QUATERMASS
Try again.

Once more SLADDEN switches on and brings the drill to bear. Again it skids ... and the screech rises in pitch. It seems to echo inside the hull, to wobble in pitch, battering at the eardrums. QUATERMASS shakes his head as if trying to clear his brain of the sound. SLADDEN clenches bared teeth. In the doorway, BREEN has his eyes pressed shut.

Now, added to the wailing screech, comes a deep, thudding vibration. The effect on the three men is immediate. SLADDEN's body arches as if twisted by pain. He turns wide, staring eyes on QUATERMASS, who is shuddering uncontrollably himself. BREEN is clutching the rim of the opening to steady himself. The whole hull seems to be vibrating.

Then SLADDEN is unable to take any more. He jerks the drill clear. The screech of its skidding stops - but the deep vibration goes on, even increasing in power. SLADDEN claps his hands over his head, swaying. QUATERMASS pulls him towards the opening - and both of them are tumbling, clawing their way out.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE DAY

53 The area is filled with the most frightful din from the generator, which seems to have got out of control. Both POTTER and CLEGHORN look very shaken.

POTTER cups his hands round the SERGEANT's ear and nearly screams at him:-

POTTER
The generator ... Knock it off ...

CLEGHORN gets unsteadily to his feet and crosses to the exit. POTTER runs down the emergency stairs.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

54 CLEGHORN staggers out to the racing generator and knocks off the compression. With a hiss and a clatter, the machine rattles to a stop.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD BARRIER DAY

55 RONEY and BARBARA approach the barrier, pushing their way through the small crowd that is collecting.

RONEY
(calls)
What's going on?

The POLICE and SAPPERS are too shaken to reply.

BARBARA
Oh, quickly ...

RONEY grabs her by the arm and hurries her towards the station.

The POLICE are too dazed to intervene.

INT. EXCAVATION

56 QUATERMASS, dishevelled and panting, is crouched to support SLADDEN who is in an even worse state and seems only half-conscious. BREEN supports himself to avoid falling. He, too, is gasping.

SLADDEN
(dully)
It wouldn't ... it wouldn't ...

BREEN retches helplessly. POTTER comes hurrying down the the platform above.

QUATERMASS
Best thing. You're shaken up ... we all are. It was - the vibration in there.

BREEN wipes his mouth. POTTER lends him a hand.

BREEN
(weakly)
Some sort of a freak vibration. Must have been ...

QUATERMASS
All right, Sladden?

56 Continued

SLADDEN nods. QUATERMASS rises unsteadily, sees RONEY and BARBARA at the top of the excavation.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
The drill had no effect.

RONEY
(to BARBARA)
Wait here.

He hurries down the ladder, leaving BARBARA at the top, his face full of concern. QUATERMASS moves across to him, relieved to find somebody to whom he can say these things at all.

QUATERMASS
Roney - the sounds! Everything here - it's like the old accounts - did she tell you?

RONEY nods.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
And there's a pentacle drawn inside there, and . . .

RONEY
What?

QUATERMASS
(nods)
See for yourself.

RONEY hesitates, then moves quickly to the hull.

SLADDEN has pulled himself together, shakes himself, then turns to BREEN, who has been speaking on the field telephone.

SLADDEN
I'm all right now, sir - if you want to have another bash.

BREEN
Good man.

QUATERMASS
Breen - wait. We ought to have time to consider this . . .

56 Continued

BREEN
I have. We'll blanket out the sound with sandbags - I've ordered them down - to cover up this polished surface.

QUATERMASS
But there's more to it than . . .

RONEY
(calls)
Quatermass!

QUATERMASS crosses quickly to the hull.

INT. HULL

57 RONEY is pointing to the bulkhead, as QUATERMASS clambers in.

RONEY
I thought you said the drill had no effect? Look at this.

At the place on the bulkhead where the drill had been aimed, there is a hole. It is irregular, its edges soft, like melted wax.

BREEN and SLADDEN have followed QUATERMASS.

SLADDEN
But I never made that . . .

BREEN
Are you sure?

SLADDEN
I can't have done - it's wider than my drill-bit.
(peering closer)
It don't look as if it was drilled at all. Looks more like melted . . .

QUATERMASS
(pushing them suddenly back)
Look out!

A thin crack is running outwards from the hole, widening. Then another radiates off, and another. Air is hissing through.

57 Continued

The men draw away a little, watching fascinated.

Fissures are running across the whole surface of the bulkhead. The glassy surface flakes, peeling. The original hole is widening rapidly ... and with this comes a sudden throb of the deep-pitched vibrations. They rise rapidly and grow louder, to end in a series of rapid taps, almost a tearing of the atmosphere. And simultaneously, the bulkhead shatters, sublimes into a dazzling, sparkling haze that is itself gone in a moment.

There is silence.

QUATERMASS is the first to move - closer to the sight that has gripped all of them with stupefaction.

The sealed chamber is wide open. Inside is a glittering, multi-faceted complex that brilliantly reflects the lamps fixed above in the hull. It suggests at once the structure of the honeycomb, of a cut diamond, of the most intricate molecular diagram. Thin, straight bars, translucent, plate-like layers, beaded surfaces, clusters of delicate, rigid fronds.

And among it all are three figures.

They are motionless, seemingly supported by the intricacy around them. Insect-like creatures, perhaps two feet long, with tripod legs and rudimentary mantis-like forelimbs hunched before them. Faces that are a mockery of the human, each with a pointed proboscis below two compound eyes. Triangular masks that sprout antler-like antennae.

QUATERMASS
(softly)
The demons ... !

One of the creatures slithers and hangs again, suspended. Watching, BREEN jerks back involuntarily, drawing in his breath sharply.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
It's all right. They're dead. They've been dead a long time.

RONEY
(pushing forward)
What are they?

57 Continued

QUATERMASS
Whatever they are, they're decomposing fast. I think this is a job for you.

RONEY
Yes ... yes....

He moves quickly out of the hull.

INT. EXCAVATION

58 RONEY rushes out, calls up to BARBARA, who waits dutifully above.

RONEY
(calls)
Barbara - 'phone the Institute! Tell Klein ... no, there isn't time ... Just get him to keep everybody standing by for the biggest job they've ever had!

INT. HULL

59 BREEN
The stench - like rotting fish!

QUATERMASS
Or locusts...

RONEY joins them.

RONEY
I don't think I dare wait - they're corrupting so fast.

QUATERMASS
Catching up on lost time.

RONEY has gone; we can hear him calling to CAPTAIN POTTER for assistance.

BREEN
What do you mean by that?

QUATERMASS
They were sealed in there. 'Till our atmosphere got in a few minutes ago - filthy London air - they might have stayed unchanged for a year - or a million years!

INT. TUNNEL

60 POTTER is talking to RONEY. He turns and moves quickly back to the platform as RONEY disappears into the excavation once more.

INT. PLATFORM

61 SERGEANT CLEGHORN comes forward to meet POTTER.

CLEGHORN
What is it, sir?

POTTER
Explanations later, Sergeant. They want empty sandbags - as many as you can lay hands on - and a path cleared from there to here . . .

INT. HULL

62 RONEY is delicately freeing the foremost of the three insect-like creatures from its cradle of translucent bars and fronds.

RONEY
Give me a hand.

QUATERMASS
(helping)
Can't guarantee my stomach.

QUATERMASS grimaces. Behind, BREEN turns away in sudden nausea and clambers out.

RONEY
Steady . .,

INT. TUNNEL

63 POTTER stands at the edge of the excavation, looking down. Behind him, we see CLEGHORN leading a party of SAPPERS with sandbags and planks of wood. CLEGHORN joins POTTER and stares down. His face sags.

CLEGHORN
My God!

INT. EXCAVATION

64 RONEY and QUATERMASS have brought out the first of the 'things'.

64 Continued

QUATERMASS sees POTTER and CLEGHORN staring down; calls to them:-

QUATERMASS
Throw down something to put this on.

CLEGHORN disappears for a moment to reappear with a plank which he drops over the side.

RONEY
And some sandbags.

POTTER grabs a handful of sandbags and hurries down the ladder. Under RONEY's direction he spreads them out along the plank. CLEGHORN has followed him down the ladder and stands watching as expressionlessly as he can manage.

POTTER
Sergeant . . .

CLEGHORN steps forward and takes the other end of the 'stretcher'; he and POTTER carry it as carefully as they can to the ladder.

RONEY
Right - get it up to the platform, will you?
I'll fix it there. Hold it level - it's leaking.

CLEGHORN closes his eyes for a moment, then steels himself to carry on.

POTTER sees that CORPORAL GIBSON and a few of the SAPPERS are staring down into the hole, open-mouthed. He shouts at them:-

POTTER
(a little hysterically)
Don't just stand there - give a hand.

GIBSON jumps to it, comes part of the way down the ladder to take one end of the stretcher. QUATERMASS gives them a hand, then returns to the hull.

INT. HULL

65 RONEY is trying to disentangle the second creature without damaging it. QUATERMASS enters and starts to assist him. Both men are breathing deeply as if to control both their excitement and their nausea.

INT. PLATFORM

66 As POTTER and CLEGHORN approach with their improvised stretcher, BARBARA JUDD comes running down the steps. There is revulsion in her face when she gets her first sight of the insect-creature.

BARBARA
Oh, God - what is it?

POTTER
They don't know. Where can it go?

BARBARA pulls herself together, starts clearing a trestle-table.

BARBARA
Here.
(she picks up her camera)
I'd better get a shot of it.

INT. EXCAVATION

67 The second creature is on its way up the ladder, carried by GIBSON and one of the SAPPERS. BREEN stands watching like a man in a dream, not moving to help. Now he looks up as the third appears. His eyes are dull as he watches RONEY supervise the operation of carrying it up the ladder.

Now BREEN crosses to the hull and peers inside.

INT. HULL

68 QUATERMASS is crouched halfway into the forward chamber, carefully examining the fragile shapes there. One flimsy plate shatters and crumbles to powder as he touches it.

QUATERMASS
All starting to disintegrate.

He glances at BREEN.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
(thoughtfully)
These shapes suggest some kind of apparatus - instruments ...

BREEN
Your imagination is running wild.

68 Continued

QUATERMASS
Yes. Isn't yours?

He peers into the inner chamber once more.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
But they don't seem to lead through anywhere. If there were once any external propulsion units, I don't see how they were controlled. Unless ... unless the missile itself did some of the thinking.

BREEN
You're mad!

QUATERMASS rises, gripping the edge of the opening with his gloved hand.

QUATERMASS
This substance isn't inert - far from it. We know that.

BREEN
(suddenly - almost hysterically)
Don't tell me what I know! There's been enough nonsense talked about this - thing and those -
(he waves his arm towards the doorway)
Dead for millions of years! I know the smell of death, believe me, and how short a time it lasts.

QUATERMASS
Have you got an explanation for all this?

BREEN
Yes, I have.

There is a pause.

QUATERMASS
Why not share it?

BREEN
When I choose.

68 Continued

He turns abruptly and climbs quickly out.

INT. PLATFORM

69 Above, all attention is on the three insect-creatures. The planks have been set side by side on the trestle-table, and dark stains are spreading through the sacking. RONEY is working feverishly to coat them with a transparent plastic spray. BARBARA is taking more photographs, with a flashgun, while POTTER and his SQUAD simply stand looking on, the whole group of them fascinated out of any attention to discipline.

In background, we see BREEN stalk out, ignoring the operation.

BARBARA
What are you using?

RONEY
Number four sealer.

BARBARA
Is it safe?

RONEY
Have to risk that. If I can just save the shells . . .

QUATERMASS pushes his way through the watching men.

RONEY
And some body fluids for analysis. Gauze - quick!

BARBARA passes him a wad and he packs it beneath one of the bodies. As she takes another photograph, QUATERMASS comes to her shoulder.

QUATERMASS
I want you to get some of the compartment they were in. All dropping to powder - soon there'll be nothing to prove we ever saw it.

The bulb flashes.

MIX TO

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

70 The rather staid old station-wagon from the Nicklin Institute is parked outside the station entrance. Three small, coffin-like boxes are brought out by the SAPPERS and loaded into the back under the direction of RONEY and BARBARA. QUATERMASS joins them as they climb into the vehicle and drive off, leaving POTTER and CLEGHORN and GIBSON and his SAPPERS staring after it.

The POLICE open the barrier to let the car pass.

MIX TO

C.S. BOXES

71 The boxes are lying on a laboratory bench. The lids are being raised. Hands gently lift out the first of the small corpses from its packed bed of clean wadding. Gruesomely, a leg falls off.

C.S. 'CREATURE'

72 Spread on a dissecting bench, one of the bodies is being probed by the scalpel of a masked BIOLOGIST, a parody of an operation.

C.S. JARS

73 A label reading: NO 3 CONTENTS OF THORAX - is stuck down on a large jar of shapeless contents suspended in clear liquid. The jar is slid along a bench to join others labelled in a similar way.

C.S. ANALYSIS

74 A test-tube of dark fluid is being heated over a Bunsen burner by an ANALYST.

INT. INSTITUTE LABORATORY DAY

75 C.U. of multiple eye under large magnifying-glass. The glass moves, searching it.

It is QUATERMASS who is holding it, examining one of the bodies closely. It is supported by plastic structures, almost upright, so that the curious hunched attitude is clear, the stick-like forelimbs drawn up under the triangular mask, the antlered antennae. It is glistening in its plastic coating.

RONEY is nearby, searching through a thick book. Behind, the work of the LABORATORY ASSISTANTS goes busily on.

75 Continued

QUATERMASS
D'you classify them as insects?

RONEY
Arthropods. Nice general term that covers all the crabs and spiders too . . . except that no earthly ones have got that tripod leg arrangement.

QUATERMASS
The horned demons in those old prints.
(realising)
Roney, this image . . .

RONEY
(turning pages)
Rather pretty.

QUATERMASS
It's like a gargoyle. I mean in fact. Haven't you seen it carved on walls in a dozen countries? Is it in the depths of all our minds - a race memory?

RONEY
Got it! Look at this!

He holds the book open. QUATERMASS turns to see.

C.S. PAGE IN BOOK

76 It shows a reproduction of a palaeolithic painting - a horned figure with a human body. The resemblance to the arthropods from the hull is striking.

RONEY'S VOICE (over)
A cave painting of 30,000 years ago. A man in a ritual mask . . . I wonder where he dreamt up the idea of it?

RESUME

77 RONEY turns as a LABORATORY ASSISTANT comes up and hands RONEY a clipboard.

77 Continued

RONEY
Thanks.

He raises his eyebrows as he glances at it, then passes it to QUATERMASS.

You know, I think these are old friends we haven't seen for a time.

QUATERMASS
(reading, with rising but restrained excitement)
'Weight and structure point to a low gravity environment ... a thin atmosphere."

RONEY
Perhaps a world that's dead now but a few million years ago could have been teeming with life?

QUATERMASS
I wonder. A name that's been nearly worn out before anything turned up to claim it ...
(looking intently at the creature)
Was this really ... a Martian?

EXT. NICKLIN INSTITUTE DAY

78 The main entrance of the Institute is surging with people. A harassed DOORKEEPER is waving them back.

DOORKEEPER
I'm sorry, the Institute's closed!

He closes the door firmly.

INT. INSTITUTE FOYER DAY

79 As he turns from the door, outside which there is an angry mutter from the crowd, an ATTENDANT comes puffing up.

ATTENDANT
Same round the side door... They got us in a stage of siege ...

79 Continued

DOORKEEPER
Miss Judd ...

BARBARA is hurrying through the foyer with a thick handful of whole-plate photographic prints.

DOORKEEPER (Cont)
Can you do something about this? Get Dr Roney to call 'em off? Or we'll be needing the police.

BARBARA
I'll see what I can do.

INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDOR DAY

80 RONEY and QUATERMASS come thoughtfully out of the laboratory into an ill-lit passage.

QUATERMASS
... and in the rear compartment there were - how many of those ape-creatures?

RONEY
Seven - six at least, we found.

QUATERMASS
Apes with over-sized craniums. Some faculties had developed in them ... or had been developed.

RONEY
Eh?

QUATERMASS
The will to survive ... it's an odd phenomenon. Roney, if we found that our Earth was doomed - say by climatic changes - what would we do about it?

RONEY
Nothing. Just go on squabbling as usual.

QUATERMASS
(wryly)
Yes. But if we weren't men ...

80 Continued

BARBARA comes hurrying to meet them.

BARBARA
Is it possible to give out a statement of some kind? That crowd outside - it's getting huge. And a bit ugly.

RONEY looks at QUATERMASS.

QUATERMASS
Those the photographs you took?

BARBARA
Yes . . .

QUATERMASS
All right. Let's show 'em!

They start briskly towards the main entrance.

MIX TO

EXT. NEWSTAND DAY

81 PEOPLE are crowding round a central London newsstand beside an underground station. Papers are selling like hot cakes, and as one CUSTOMER turns away he throws his copy open. The front page is entirely covered with the story. Under the heading: SPACE MACHINE FOUND/ Monster Insects Inside - is a bold CLOSE-UP of one of the arthropods.

EXT. CAR DAY

82 PEOPLE crowd round an open car stopped by a traffic jam. Its radio has been turned up for their benefit.

VOICE OF NEWSREADER
" . . . the discovery might have some astounding implications," added Professor Quatermass, but for the moment he could not say what these were . . .

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD DAY

83 A NEWSVENDOR has established his pitch (formerly at the end of Hobbs Lane) across the road from where it used to be. He is selling papers briskly, pointing across at the barrier where POLICE are

83 Continued

mounting a heavier guard. There people are milling about, PHOTOGRAPHERS standing with cameras at the ready.

NEWSVENDOR
(to a CUSTOMER)
That's where they found 'em, guv! You can't get in - but you can read all about it! News-Standard! News-Standard!

There is a sudden stir on the other side of the road. The barrier is being lifted.

A moment later a helmeted ARMY MOTORCYCLIST drives out, followed immediately by the Staff Car.

In the back seat sits BREEN, alone. His face is grim.

MIX TO:

INT. WAR OFFICE. UPPER ANTE-ROOM DAY

84 An air of acute apprehension surrounds the private sanctum of the Minister for War.

HOWELL shoots out of it, grim-faced, and across the oak-panelled ante-room towards the outer door leading to the passage. Just as he reaches it it is thrown open by a uniformed MESSENGER

MESSENGER
Professor Quatermass, sir ...

QUATERMASS enters. From HOWELL's wary lack of greeting, he gauges the trouble ahead. HOWELL nods worriedly towards the sanctum.

HOWELL
The Minister's waiting. He's not pleased.

He hurries back, with QUATERMASS in his wake.

INT. WAR MINISTER'S SANCTUM. DAY

85 Inside, The MINISTER halts in his perturbed pacing to glare at the new arrival. He is a skilled technocrat, called a 'good fixer and committee man' by his colleagues, and a 'smoothie' by his enemies. Just now he is angry. On the huge desk lie copies of the afternoon papers.

85 Continued

The telephone rings. HOWELL answers it.

QUATERMASS
Good afternoon, sir.

MINISTER
Professor! What you've done appals me!

A tall, uniformed figure at the window turns. It is BREEN. His face is expressionless.

HOWELL
Just a moment.
(covering the mouthpiece)
P. M. 's Private Secretary?
(the MINISTER shakes his head)
Sorry, still not available. Try again in about twenty minutes.

He puts the receiver down quickly, before any objection can be made at the other end.

MINISTER
Now it's the P. M. ? And the Home Office badgering about the cordons and emergency police action ...
(the phone rings again)
Oh, kill it!

HOWELL starts muttering inaudibly into the mouthpiece shrouding it with his hands.

MINISTER (cont'd)
Now, before they pull a special Cabinet meeting on me, I'd like to have just a few answers ready.

QUATERMASS
(one eye on BREEN)
How much do you know?

MINISTER
Something from Colonel Breen - and what I've read in these!
(he waves one of the newspapers)
Why did you do it?

85 Continued

QUATERMASS
People wanted to know . . .

MINISTER
So you talked - without authority or consultation.

QUATERMASS
Whose authority?

MINISTER
This Department's

QUATERMASS
It didn't seem to me to concern the War Office.

MINISTER
(darkly)
We'll see about that. Now . . . 'astounding implications' . . . What did you mean by that?
(the 'phone rings again)
Oh, have it cut off!

Again, HOWELL mutters into it.

QUATERMASS
(quietly)
Dr. Roney and I are satisfied that these arthropods are . . . not of this Earth.

MINISTER
(eyes on the papers)
So I gather. You've been busy hinting at Mars.

He and BREEN exchange quick glances.

BREEN
Mars . . . is dead. Nothing there but a few scraps of lichen.

QUATERMASS
Five million years ago it may have been very different. Suppose at that time there were living beings on it . . .

85 Continued

The MINISTER tries to catch BREEN's eye again, but the Colonel is watching QUATERMASS narrowly.

(CONT)

QUATERMASS (Cont)
... with techniques that enabled them to visit the Earth, at a time when the most highly evolved creatures here - our own ancestors - were only a type of Pliocene ape?

MINISTER
(carefully)
Go on.

QUATERMASS
They may have wanted to found a colony because their own world was doomed ... but they couldn't endure our atmosphere. So they experimented.

MINISTER
Experimented?

QUATERMASS
The man-apes found beside the missile were abnormal.

BREEN
Oh. And these - insects were responsible?

QUATERMASS
There's clearly some connection. My guess is that those were ape mutations being brought back for release on Earth.

For a moment there is silence. HOWELL is staring at him, swallowing. The MINISTER looks at BREEN, who leans slowly forward.

BREEN
You believe that could have happened? Apes were systematically taken from this planet to another and - and ...

QUATERMASS
Altered. By selective breeding, atomic surgery, methods we can't guess. And returned with new

.85 Continued

QUATERMASS (Contd)
faculties instilled in them. Higher intelligence ...
(struck by a sudden doubt) ...
perhaps something else ...

HOWELL has been suddenly captured by the idea.

(cont)

HOWELL
In effect - a colonisation!

QUATERMASS
It'd be a way of possessing the Earth. Only a colony by proxy, but better than leaving nothing at all behind.

HOWELL
Surely - it would have had to be carried out on a huge scale?

QUATERMASS
Yes. If I'm right ... if I'm right ... we've just come on a single instance. Probably an accident - a landing that went wrong and they all died. The Thames Valley was swamp then.

HOWELL nods appreciatively. But the MINISTER is glaring.

MINISTER
(his voice strained)
You realise what you're implying? That we owe our human condition to the intervention of - of ...
(he waves a hand in the direction of the front page illustrations)
... insects!

QUATERMASS
(softly)
I suppose I am.

The MINISTER rises, a man controlling himself with the greatest difficulty.

85 Continued

MINISTER
So that's your great theory! And for that we've had all the sputter and alarm and . . .
(sharply to HOWELL)
We can let the Home Secretary off his beat for a start!

HOWELL
Get him?

MINISTER
Yes.

While HOWELL grabs the 'phone, he turns back to QUATERMASS.

(out)

MINISTER
I just wanted to hear you first. Now, Breen, take him and tell him!

He turns his back, fuming, to wait for the call. BREEN comes up to QUATERMASS.

BREEN
I said I'd got an explanation. It's simple The Germans in 1944.

QUATERMASS
Breen - you can't be still hanging on to that . . .

BREEN
When they were losing the war, I think they tried a propaganda scare. They sent over an experimental V-weapon that would produce . . .
(he indicated the newspapers)
precisely the effect it has produced! Thanks to your help. 'Though rather late for their purpose.

QUATERMASS
What about the arthropods?

85 Continued

BREEN
Fakes! Put there as a circumstantial touch. Like fairground mermaids, made up of scraps of skin and bone. The oldest trick in the business.

QUATERMASS looks across at the MINISTER. He has the telephone in his hand.

MINISTER
Hello, John ...

QUATERMASS
(crossing quickly)
Wait, sir - you've got to hear expert testimony ...!

MINISTER
(hand on the mouthpiece)
I have.
(to BREEN)
You're sure the missile's safe?

BREEN
Thoroughly checked.

MINISTER
No danger to the public?

BREEN
None. I'm certain.

MINISTER
(into 'phone)
John? 'Sorry you've been led such a dance this evening. All over now. It's a gigantic false alarm ...

He smiles cheerfully. QUATERMASS looks from him to the expressionless BREEN.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD BARRIER NIGHT

86 A Police Car comes nosing its way through the dense crowd surrounding the barrier. Its loudspeaker blares:

INSPECTOR'S VOICE
Move along, please. Move along.

the car stops.

INT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT.

87 Inside it, a uniformed INSPECTOR is reading into a microphone from a slip of paper.

INSPECTOR
This is an official statement. In spite of incorrect news stories published earlier . . .

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD BARRIER. NIGHT.
C. S. JOURNALISTS.

88 A JOURNALIST grimaces at the PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER with him.

INSPECTOR'S VOICE
. . . the missile found here is believed to be a German propaganda - weapon of the last war.

C. S. BARRIER.

The 'UNEXPLODED BOMB' sign is being lifted aside by TWO POLICEMEN.

INSPECTOR'S VOICE
It has now been dealt with and is not dangerous. I repeat, there is no danger.

INT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT.

89 RESUME.

INSPECTOR
(into microphone)
A full statement will be issued shortly. Now please move along.

The JOURNALIST looks in through the open window as the INSPECTOR lowers his microphone.

89 Continued

JOURNALIST
Inspector - can we go down there now and take a look?

INSPECTOR
Tomorrow. It'll be wide open to all you boys then - Press, T. V., the lot.
(into microphone)
Move along . . .

INT. STATION ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

90 SERGEANT CLEGHORN is supervising the clearing of the station of all the equipment brought in by the SAPPERS. The generator still throbs loudly outside.

SLADDEN, the drill-operator, crosses to CLEGHORN.

SLADDEN
Finished with my stuff down there?

CLEGHORN
Oh - yes - I reckon so.

SLADDEN strolls cheerfully off in the direction of the stairs.

CORPORAL GIBSON and his party come staggering up with piles of sandbag cases.

GIBSON
Bloody sacks! Couldn't we've forgotten 'em, Sarge?

CLEGHORN
No, my lad. They're Army property and very precious.

POTTER appears, calls to the nearest SAPPER.

POTTER
Knock that damned generator off.

The SAPPER does as ordered.

INT. PLATFORM.

91 SLADDEN is making his way down towards the excavation as the bright working-lights flicker out.

SLADDEN
Where was Moses when the lights went out?

He switches on a powerful clip-torch which he carries and makes his way on down, not at all oppressed by the gloom, across the planks that lead to the excavation.

EXT. STATION ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

92 As POTTER comes out of the station entrance, he sees BARBARA JUDD arguing with the POLICE INSPECTOR. Most of the crowd have now dispersed.

INSPECTOR
Sorry, miss, the station's closed till tomorrow --

BARBARA
But I must! Don't you understand --?

POTTER
(approaching)
What's the trouble?

BARBARA
(turning to him)
Oh, thank goodness! I find I've left some notes down there --

POTTER
Damn, we're just off.
(Turns, calls)
Sergeant, is Sladden still below?

CLEGHORN and one or two SAPPERS are just coming out of the station entrance.

CLEGHORN
Yes, sir.

92 Continued

BARBARA
There you are -- I'll be quick.

She hurries past the SAPPERS into the station entrance. Only a few low-power emergency bulbs are glowing there and on the stairways.

INT. EXCAVATION

93 SLADDEN jumps the last few rungs of the ladder and moves across to the hull. He swings himself in through the opening.

Apart from his torch, there is only the faintest glow from a couple of emergency bulbs above on the platform.

INT. HULL.

94 SLADDEN comes in. He clips his torch to his overalls and starts to work with a spanner at dismantling the clamps on the edge of the opening. He stops and listens, conscious of the empty fore-compartment. There is no sound. He goes on with his work, whistling tunelessly through his teeth.

There is a deep thud.

He breaks off with sudden alarm in his face. He glances outside, sees nothing. There are two more thudding sounds. He looks quickly round the inside of the hull. There is a faint rapping, which grows rapidly in volume. Then a second burst overtakes the first. And simultaneously, a succession of deep thuds.

SLADDEN turns in terror to escape from the hull. His feet go from under him and he stumbles and falls.

Thrashing about, he finds the torchlight flashing in his face. Now the noises are running through the whole structure, surrounding him. He stares in horror as the spanner which dropped from his hand goes spinning and dancing along the floor of the hull -- of its own volition. He struggles to get to his feet, slithering and clutching. Above him, the cables attached to the lamps are coiling and moving like snakes.

The dreadful thudding starts again.

As if he suddenly lost all sense of direction, SLADDEN plunges about, his breath painful. The torchlight has almost died. As another burst of sound crashes out, rising to a screech in the air, he throws one arm across his eyes as if to shut out some terrible

INT. PLATFORM.

95 Making her way down the last of the stairs to the platform in the near-darkness, BARBARA freezes. From the direction of the excavation bursts a medley of appalling sounds, mingled with human howls.

INT. EXCAVATION

96 A high shot. The figure of SLADDEN appears in the entrance of the hull, stands swaying for a moment, then falls to the ground. Then he is up again and making for the ladder.

All the while, the terrible sounds continue.

INT. PLATFORM.

97 BARBARA has advanced a few yards from the platform entrance. Now she shrinks in fear.

INT. TUNNEL.

98 The figure of SLADDEN. appears at the top of the ladder, picked out in a ghostly glow that seems to bathe the excavation. The thunderous sounds advance with him. Planks rise into the air, floating. A length of steel cable twists. Earth is rooted up. Pebbles and gravel fly through the air like hail, dashing against the steel walls.

Crouching, almost hopping, SLADDEN comes across the planks.

INT. PLATFORM.

99 Struck by fragments, BARBARA cries out. She crouches to the wall. Then the running figure of SLADDEN is on the platform. It is hardly recognisable as the drill operator. The eyes are staring, mouth locked back. The arms are held high, unnaturally crooked. As it rushes past. the diabolical roar goes with it.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD. NIGHT.

100 The SAPPERS have finished loading their gear into the truck and are about to move off when POTTER signals the DRIVER to kill his engine. In the immediate silence, the dreadful sounds from below can be heard, getting rapidly louder.

100 Continued

POTTER starts towards the station entrance. CLEGHORN drops from the truck to follow.

Suddenly the figure of SLADDEN bursts, bunched and headlong, from the station entrance in a torrent of monstrous, shattering sound. It passes between POTTER and CLEGHORN blindly, as if completely controlled by some outside force.

They turn. Their view of it is blocked by the truck, from which the SAPPERS are scrambling out. Then they glimpse it again, disappearing into the darkness of a lane opposite. CLEGHORN and two or three SAPPERS start after it, but at the dark corner opposite they stand irresolutely and do not try to follow the unseen figure. Its ringing footsteps seem to have changed in gait. They are lighter, faster. And the weird battering in the air is dying away behind it.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

101 POTTER runs into the dimly-lit station entrance. He makes for the emergency stairs -- and there he sees BARBARA. She has a streak of blood on her face, her clothing is spattered with dust and she is panting as if she has run like a terrified animal up the whole stairway.

He catches her, supporting her. She stares out into the street beyond.

EXT. A NEARBY STREET NIGHT

102 Running footsteps grow louder in the darkness. Then SLADDEN pitches forward into a pool of light from a street-lamp. Sweat streams down his face as he clings to the lamp standard. He shudders, looking back as if in dread of something behind him. His eyes close. He is panting.

A moment later comes a faint tapping ... somewhere, nowhere. His eyes wide and desperate again, he staggers forward.

Ahead there are lights. A coffee stall, with a couple of CUSTOMERS standing beside it.

The CUSTOMERS - a man and a woman - look round in mild surprise at the haggard, mudstained figure that totters to the stall.

SLADDEN raises a hand towards the puzzled STALL OWNER in a wordless appeal for help. The STALL OWNER looks at him, uneasy. There is a devastating screech in the air. A pile of saucers rises from

102 Continued

the counter and shatters on the pavement. Bottles fly and smash. The CUSTOMERS stagger back, the woman squealing with fright. Cups are jumping in dozens from under the STALL OWNER's hands, to scatter in smithereens across the street.

SLADDEN goes running again. And the deep thudding follows him. The MAN CUSTOMER helps up his companion from where she fell. The STALL OWNER scrambles out of the now darkened stall and runs a few angry steps among the pulverised crockery that shines whitely all over the street.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CHURCHYARD NIGHT

103 A great iron gate creaks open in the near-darkness. The exhausted, breathless shape of SLADDEN is clinging to it.

He reels forward, feet crunching on a gravel path. Beside it are the low humped shapes of gravestones. This is an old churchyard, and a choir can be heard singing faintly inside the building.

There is a faint crackle of unnatural sound. Impelled on again, SLADDEN makes for the source of the singing. He stumbles past a buttress - past glowing stained-glass windows - heading towards a lighted doorway. Then, strength finally gone, he pitches to the ground.

After a moment or two, footsteps come crunching. He twists to see who it is.

An old, gentle-faced clergyman (THE VICAR) is looking down at him. The mild eyes sharpen.

The CAMERA PANS from SLADDEN's terrified face to the gravel beside him. It is moving, rippling as if rats are running under it . . .

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CHURCHYARD NIGHT

104 A taxi pulls up to an abrupt halt and QUATERMASS leaps out, followed by BARBARA, who has a strip of plaster down one side of her face, a souvenir of the incident in the excavation. He pays the driver and they walk quickly towards the church.

EXT. VESTRY NIGHT

105 The door is opened by a very shaken POTTER.

POTTER
He's in here ...

They enter.

INT. VESTRY NIGHT

106 The VICAR rises to meet them.

He has been sitting close to the heavy, high-backed chair in which SLADDEN must be slumped - although as it has its back to the CAMERA, the drill operator can hardly be seen. The dimply-lit vestry has its verticals askew, and dark wood gleams with centuries of polishing. Choir vestments hang on pegs. The church record books lie on a heavy desk.

BARBARA makes for SLADDEN's chair, tense and silent. When she is able to see his face, she halts.

He turns to look at her. He is exhausted and haggard, and his face is cut and bruised, but otherwise seems normal. The normality is somehow stressed by the mug of cocoa he clutches in his hands. There is a big tray, with many cups and jug in front of him on the table, evidently intended for the choir. For a brief moment, he looks puzzled. Then he relaxes.

SLADDEN
Hullo, Miss.

As if some vital question has been answered, she relaxes.

She manages a nod. She grips the back of a chair and her eyes close as some of the tension leaves her.

SLADDEN watches her, faintly puzzled. He peers round the back of the chair at where QUATERMASS is whispering with the VICAR, and grins weakly.

SLADDEN (Cont)
Prof.

QUATERMASS
Sladden.
(turning again to the Vicar)
Did you call a doctor?

106 Continued

VICAR
No. When I heard those sounds - I asked Mr. Edwards, the choirmaster, to go, and dismiss the choir. I knew I must stay alone with this man. I was sure he had been in contact with spiritual evil.

They look towards the high-backed chair.

QUATERMASS
I'll have to question him.

VICAR
Perhaps tomorrow ...

QUATERMASS
There may be danger in waiting. To others.

He goes over to SLADDEN, still hunched over his cup, and picks up the jug from the tray.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
Sladden - more cocoa?

SLADDEN sits passively while QUATERMASS pours it then pulls up a chair to sit facing him. The VICAR comes protectively to SLADDEN's side. BARBARA and POTTER watch intently.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
Sladden -
(the vacant eyes meet his)
Can you say what happened? In the excavation tonight - you remember being there? You stayed to dismantle some equipment ...

SLADDEN's hands shake. The mug slops over and the VICAR leans across to take it from him. SLADDEN's hands remain cupped in front of him, as if he is unaware it has gone.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
(pointing to his cut face)
You were hurt - by something that was flying through the air. Do you remember objects doing that - moving by themselves?

106 Continued

For a moment there is no reaction. Then terror floods into SLADDEN's eyes and he gives a wild cry, almost a scream. The suddenness and violence of it are startling.

SLADDEN
I had to run ... to get away!

The VICAR puts a hand on his arm.

SLADDEN (Cont)
They were coming!

QUATERMASS
What were?

SLADDEN
Them - them .....

VICAR
No more, please!

SLADDEN
(twisting about in the chair)
I remember! It started and then ... I could only see them!
(he leans forward, clutching at Quatermass's arm)
Like you found down there ... with the eyes and horns and ...

POTTER
He saw the creatures ... !

SLADDEN
(a moan)
They were alive.

The others in the room react.

QUATERMASS
Alive?

106 Continued

SLADDEN
(eyes vacant as if he is seeing them now in his mind)
Hopping, like ... very fast ... and hundreds and hundreds ... and ...
(gripping Quatermass's arm like a vice)
... I knew I was one!
(he whimpers)

QUATERMASS
How did they move?

SLADDEN
Jumping - leaping through the air ...

VICAR
Let him alone!

QUATERMASS
(sharply)
Where?

SLADDEN
In and out. Them big places ... in and out of them. Huge ... right up in to the sky....

QUATERMASS
The sky! What colour is it? Blue?

SLADDEN
(moaning)
No. Dark ... dark ... purple ...

He shudders, muscles tightening, and pulls away from QUATERMASS.

There is a rapid tapping in the room. It rises in pitch. A heavy object hits the floor and clatters across it. The choristers' vestments swirl where they hang on the wall. The VICAR clutches SLADDEN by the shoulders and crouches close to him with eyes closed.

The sounds die away as rapidly as they came. QUATERMASS, who jumped to his feet as soon as they started, looks round. For a long moment he and the others are motionless, waiting. But there is no recurrence. They look at SLADDEN. His eyes are closed, his

106 Continued

breathing rapid and shallow where he lies slumped in the chair again. The VICAR turns angrily to QUATERMASS.

VICAR
You should have left him alone! He's not free of it yet!

QUATERMASS
Perhaps it was always in him.

VICAR
What do you mean?

QUATERMASS
In all of us. An inheritance of dormant faculties. Clairvoyance, telekinesis ...

VICAR
(indignantly)
Scientific terms to explain it all away!

QUATERMASS
On the contrary, I agree with you. What's been uncovered is evil .. as anciently diabolic as anything on record.
(he glances at Sladden, then, softly)
I think that what he gave us just now was a vision of life on Mars, five million years ago.

The VICAR stares from him to the man in the chair.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
That ... and the unconscious ability to cause movement ... they're old powers that can be awakened somehow by the Thing in the Pit.

POTTER
The missile ... it's dangerous?

QUATERMASS
Unspeakably.

106 Continued

POTTER
I'll go to Colonel Breen, tell him what . . .

QUATERMASS
All right, try, but . . . We're going to need proof!
(to Barbara, quickly)
Have you the keys to the Institute?

BARBARA
Yes . . .

QUATERMASS
Good, we'll work from there.

Turning, he nods at SLADDEN.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
Vicar, I'll leave him in your hands.

QUATERMASS starts out. The others follow.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. NICKLIN INSTITUTE FOYER NIGHT

107 A shadowy figure appears outside the glass doors of the Institute, tentatively pushes one open. It is RONEY, heavy with sleep. He stands blinking, staring round the foyer.

QUATERMASS'S VOICE
(annoyed)
Is that the Rocket Group? Right. Quatermass here. . .

He is telephoning from the switchboard beside the door.

QUATERMASS
(into 'phone)
Put me on to Mr. Watson . . . I know he's in bed! Just stir him up!

RONEY
(yawning, as he joins him)
Another victim?

107 Continued

QUATERMASS
Thanks for coming. I'm afraid I've been grubbing about in your workshop already . . . There's something we can do . . .
(the phone clicks and he speaks into it)
Jerry? Wake up! I want you to bring some gear to London right away . . . the special video-signal stuff.. As follows . . . better take notes . . .

He refers to a list.

MIX TO

INT. RONEY'S WORKSHOP NIGHT

108 It is a few hours later.

A loud crackling buzz as the CAMERA PANS over assembled banks of miniaturised electronic computers. Crouching over them is JERRY WATSON, an expert from the Rocket Group, a small, dark man as sharp-eyed as a mouse, helped by one of Roney's TECHNICIANS. Some of Roney's oscillographs have been by-passed, and heavy cables connect the new equipment to the encephalograph-headpiece. Surprisingly, RONEY himself is the subject, sitting in the chair with BARBARA checking the settings on the apparatus against notes on a clipboard.

Sleeves rolled up like WATSON's, QUATERMASS watches as WATSON peers into the monitor-screen of the video-recording unit.

QUATERMASS
Well, Jerry?

WATSON
Not a sausage. No wonder, after bumping this stuff over half the roads in the country! It's delicate!
(turning to Barbara)
Miss - er. You sure we're still locked on to those settings?

BARBARA
Quite sure.
(she turns to the oscillographs still in circuit)
Signals are coming through here all right.

108 Continued

WATSON
(mutters)
I'll check the positive feedback . . .

QUATERMASS
Maybe it's Roney . . .

RONEY
(drowsily)
What d'you want me to do?

QUATERMESS
Just go to sleep. You've been saying for hours how tired you are.

RONEY
You should have got our friend Johnson. You can practically read his mind without gadgets . . .

He relaxes, eyes closed. Watching him, QUATERMASS puts a warning finger to his lips as BARBARA turns. She whispers.

BARBARA
You're still hopeful?

QUATERMASS shrugs. He indicates the busy WATSON.

QUATERMASS
He thinks it might work . . . your apparatus to locate the brain centres, ours to translate signals . . .

BARBARA
If it does, you'll try to repeat what Sladden went through?

QUATERMASS
(nods)
Experimentally.

WATSON completes his modifications of the circuit and returns to the monitor screen adjusting controls.

BARBARA
You said these -- faculties may be in all of us?

108 Continued

QUATERMASS
Poltergeist outbreaks -- second sight -- they've been recorded the world over throughout the ages. Myths, magic, even witchcraft -- perhaps they all came from there.

He nods at the corner of the workshop.

109 CLOSE SHOT of the Martian figure seen earlier, coated with shining plastic preservative, supported by perspex frames.

110 RESUME

BARBARA
(slowly)
So -- as far as anybody is --- we're the Martians now.

WATSON is snapping his fingers. They turn to see him looking excitedly into the monitor screen. He points to RONEY.

RONEY is asleep and dreaming.

WATSON leans aside as QUATERMASS and BARBARA come to see the monitor screen.

111 CLOSE SHOT monitor screen. On it is a fitful flicker, moving like flames. Unfocussed, darting, unquestionably alive.

QUATERMASS
(softly)
The unconscious vision centres . . . !

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STATION ENTRANCE NIGHT

112 WATSON and Roney's TECHNICIAN are pushing the Army generator -- which had been left in the street with a tarpaulin over it for later collection - inside the station entrance to a point near the emergency stairs.

WATSON
Now shut the grille -- keep any nosy parkers out!

112 Continued

While the TECHNICIAN does so, WATSON quickly connects the generator to a cable that runs down the emergency stairway. A small bare light-bulb has been connected into the circuit, to act as a cue-light. Now WATSON cranks the generator vigorously.

113 INT. EXCAVATION

The sound of the generator can be faintly heard above, as the powerful lights in the hull come on. Crouching in the opening to the missile is QUATERMASS, who is now the subject of the experiment. He holds his head stiffly inside the headpiece of the test-apparatus, while RONEY adjusts the controls. Multi-core cable trails from it, leading upwards.

Above, on the edge of the excavation, BARBARA switches off the torch she has been directing on them and turns back to the platform. She has the camera slung round her neck.

QUATERMASS
(thoughtfully)
It seems to draw energy from any source -- but most of all from that generator. Perhaps by induction.

He flexes his hands inside his gloves, remembering that this was another way it withdrew energy.

RONEY
Keep still.
(he looks over his settings on the headpiece)
Now you'll do exactly what Sladden did?

QUATERMASS
(indicating the spanner)
As soon as the generator goes off, I'll use this.

RONEY nods and starts up the ladder.

114 INT. PLATFORM

WATSON comes running down the steps from above and goes to the assembly of computer-units set up nearby on the platform. It is clearly powered by a large bank of batteries, to be independent of all other sources. He focusses the raster on the blank monitor screen.

BARBARA comes along the other end of the platform, by the excavation. Then RONEY appears, hurrying. As he catches her up, he guides her along past the apparatus.

RONEY
Back here for you, my dear.

BARBARA
If there's anything to photograph --

RONEY
It'll keep.
(with a reassuring smile, he waves her firmly past them along the platform, turns to Watson)
Now then --

WATSON
(satisfied)
Nothing yet -- as it should be. All signals spot on.

RONEY
When the generator cuts --

WATSON
(quickly, indicating them)
We run on the batteries.

RONEY
No, I mean -- after it cuts there may not be much time.

114 Continued

WATSON
(swallows)
I see.

RONEY
Ready?

WATSON nods.

RONEY (Cont)
Let's go.

WATSON searches quickly and finds the cue-switch he has rigged. He throws it.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE NIGHT

115 The cue-light blinks and the TECHNICIAN, who has been watching for this, immediately knocks off the generator.

INT. PLATFORM

116 BARBARA watches the blaze of lights in the excavation flicker out. She shivers involuntarily.

RONEY and WATSON have all their attention on the monitor screen.

INT. EXCAVATION

117 QUATERMASS glances round the darkened excavation before climbing into the hull, switching on his torch as he does so.

INT. HULL

118 There is silence as QUATERMASS takes up his position with the spanner. He listens, then starts work on the bracket of Sladden's apparatus. He twists at a bolt, then strikes at it to loosen the head. Instantly there is a crackle of sound.

He tenses. A deep thud, then another, rising into a blasting crackle. And again a deep thud. For a moment or two longer he continues working with the spanner. Then the looped cable hanging from the lamps begins to twist of its own accord. QUATERMASS stands still with his eyes closed

INT. PLATFORM

119 The noises echo clearly up to the platform as RONEY and WATSON peer into the monitor screen of the apparatus. It is blank.

WATSON
(mutters)
Not a thing showing! Not a damned thing --

RONEY
But it's started! Listen to it down there --

WATSON makes a quick gesture for silence. He turns a volume knob and QUATERMASS'S VOICE crackles through a tiny intercom loudspeaker

QUATERMASS'S VOICE
Roney -- Roney, I'm getting --

INT. HULL

120 QUATERMASS is clinging to the edge of the opening, his eyes squeezed shut. All round him the sounds are getting louder. He is almost shouting into the microphone hung at his neck.

QUATERMASS
-- no visual impression. I'll try a bit longer, but I don't think it's operating through me!

INT. PLATFORM

121 RESUME:

QUATERMASS'S VOICE
Did you get that?

RONEY leans forward.

RONEY
Yes, yes --

WATSON shakes his head, depresses the talk-back switch.

WATSON
Now.

RONEY
(shouts)
Yes, Quatermass!

121 Continued

The two men glance at each other. Both are sweating. The CAMERA PANS UP to BARBARA, standing a yard or so behind them. She is listening motionless. Her eyes are wide and staring, as if she hears something beyond the sounds that we can hear.

INT. HULL

122 QUATERMASS has the spanner on the bolt again, and is turning it. The sounds are louder now. He turns his head from side to side as he tries to receive an impression, but nothing comes.

INT. PLATFORM

123 WATSON and RONEY are straining to see and hear. WATSON puts out a hand as if to adjust a control, then puts it down. He knows they are properly adjusted and that it was only a nervous gesture. Neither man notices as BARBARA moves behind them along the platform towards the excavation.

The intercom crackles again. QUATERMASS's voice can hardly be heard through the other sounds.

RONEY
(flicking the talk-back switch)
We're not getting you! Shout louder!

INT. HULL

124 QUATERMASS is trying to shout, but with difficulty. The sheer din, reflected from the shining surfaces, is overpowering. And the utter strangeness of it is demoralising.

QUATERMASS
It's getting too much for me in here. I'm coming out --

He has turned to the opening in the hull when --

INT. EXCAVATION

125 QUATERMASS stands staring in the hull's opening.

QUATERMASS
Barbara!

125 Continued

BARBARA is crouched at the bottom of the ladder. Her eyes are unseeing. She seems hardly able to support herself as she makes her way towards QUATERMASS.

INT. PLATFORM

126 RONEY is shouting into the microphone.

RONEY
Quatermass! What's happening?

Despairing of the apparatus, he starts along the platform to see for himself.

INT. EXCAVATION

127 BARBARA has nearly reached QUATERMASS now.

BARBARA
Let me! I can see -- see --

QUATERMASS
(into his microphone)
Roney -- it's Barbara! She's the one! Get down here quick!

He starts tearing off the headset. Now he grabs the swaying BARBARA and forces it over her head. Immediately the cables inside the hull start to lash savagely. Something breaks and falls with a clatter close at hand.

RONEY comes scrambling down the ladder.

QUATERMASS
It's her! Quick -- take over!

RONEY makes frantic adjustments to the headset's settings.

INSERTS

128 Loose planks raise themselves up from the excavation floor like living things.

129 Small stones bowl over the ground of their own volition.

130 Clay comes bursting out through the shoring planks at the sides of the excavation.

INT. PLATFORM

131 Stones clatter against the apparatus. And now one of the canvas screens from the earlier part of the story comes flying like a clumsy bird along the rails, rearing itself up over the edge of the platform. WATSON is looking all round him in terror. Then he glances back at the screen. He yells wildly:

WATSON
It's getting something!

INT. EXCAVATION

132 BARBARA, with the headpiece transferred to her, is pressed back against the hull. RONEY is making frantic adjustments to the settings. Her head jerks from side to side. Her lips are drawn back in a snarl.

All round them the uproar is at its peak. Clods of earth are bowling along the ground. QUATERMASS shields his face with both arms as planks burst out of the shored walls of the excavation. Stones clatter.

INT. PLATFORM

133 The whole station seems to be shaking. Tiles drop from the wall behind WATSON as he peers into the hooded screen. His face is dead white as he makes minute adjustments to the controls clarifying the picture that sends shadows flickering irregularly across him as he works.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN to where two huge reels are turning on a video-tape recorder.

INT. EXCAVATION

134 RONEY is supporting the afflicted BARBARA, who is in a trance-like ecstasy.

BARBARA
Hold on to me! Hold!

She screams as she seems to rise from the ground under his grasp. Her arms twist crookedly. Her face twists into a rigid mask. She yells again -- this time with a kind of mad exhilaration.

RONEY tugs at the headpiece.

RONEY
Help me get her out of it!

134 Continued

QUATERMASS does so. But the outbreak is already beginning to pass as they wrench the apparatus from her head. The unearthly sounds are dying down.

RONEY holds on to BARBARA, who is moaning now and in a state of near-collapse.

RONEY
You're all right, you're all right ... poor kid!

She gives a moan of fear as consciousness flickers back. The two men support her towards the ladder.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD NIGHT/DAWN

135 Dawn is starting to break outside as Breen's staff car pulls up by the station with a squeal of brakes. BREEN leaps out, followed by POTTER. They make for the station entrance, POTTER wrenching the grille open.

INT. TUNNEL

136 QUATERMASS and RONEY are supporting BARBARA across the tumbled planks towards the platform. QUATERMASS looks up and sees WATSON waiting for them at the end of the platform. WATSON is ashen-faced. For a moment QUATERMASS hesitates to ask the question.

QUATERMASS
Did you manage -- to get it?

WATSON
(nods)
Yes.
(he hesitates)
I saw them too.

INT. PLATFORM

137 BREEN and POTTER come clattering down the stairs to the platform. BREEN halts and takes in the assembly of computers, then QUATERMASS and RONEY as they help BARBARA up on to the platform. His face is taut with apprehension.

BREEN
Quatermass! What have you done?

137 Continued

QUATERMASS
(quietly to Watson)
Get it.

WATSON hurries forward to remove the precious video-tape from the recording apparatus. QUATERMASS comes along the platform to face BREEN.

QUATERMASS
I think we may have something to show you.

INT. WAR OFFICE MINISTER'S SANCTUM DAY

138 WATSON is carefully leading the video-tape from a large spool across the vision-heads of an electronic projector.

A small audience is assembling. The MINISTER is there, his face dark and frowning; HOWELL; BREEN; POTTER; RONEY and BARBARA. A couple of Howell's SENIOR COLLEAGUES make up the number.

QUATERMASS is standing by a temporary projection screen, pulling a cord to draw the curtains across the window.

QUATERMASS
What you're about to see is a memory stored for millions of years in the very substance of that hull . . , and now picked up by the suspectible brain of this young woman.

The MINISTER and BREEN turn to where BARBARA sits.

QUATERMASS
Highly receptive, like the man Sladden. Much more than most of us . . .

MINISTER
What d'you claim this shows?

QUATERMASS
A race purge. A cleansing of the Martian hives.
(to Watson)
Tape ready?

The room lights are switched out and a beam of light shoots from the electronic projector. Simultaneously come the recorded sounds heard in the excavation: reverberations, cracklings, the bubbling churr, the short, strident screech.

EFFECTS

139 At first the picture on the screen is totally incoherent, flashes of light and darkness with juddering patterns of interference. And throughout its running time of less than a minute this condition returns as vision is repeatedly lost. But between these missing portions the picture clears - still coarse and flickering, but unmistakably an image.

Suddenly the spatter of electronic interference changes its nature. It is seen to be a hail of missiles, large and small, filling the air from every direction - perhaps stones, but their form cannot be distinguished And among them, hopping as if to escape, are horned bodies: the arthropods.

A Martian mask shoots past, then another, like creatures flying from slaughter.

Shiny carapaces bob and scuttle over one another, driven, stampeding.

A Martian head turns, palps working, Struck by a sudden hail of tiny missiles, it shatters into a mess.

Another Martian figure is struck by a mass of flying debris and instantly buried. Yet another, dragging itself along the ground, is smothered.

Now the Martian through whose eyes we are watching itself joins in the hunt. It moves in monstrous jerky hops ... swings towards another Martian face with flashing eyes and palps ... and away, as if it has identified it. Faster now, it moves in on a group of three, singles one of them out as a victim and makes for it. It turns to flee but is struck by the hail of missiles that rain about the hunter. The horny body is crushed to pulp.

The picture swings away, flailing wildly ... disintegrates into a pattern of moving dots ... clears again for a brief moment as it moves over a scatter of many Martian bodies. Some are limbless, some twitching in their last agony, tumbled together for disposal.

Then the frame is finally obscured. It breaks up into flashes of light again, as the sounds also die away.

The screen is blank.

INT. MINISTER'S SANCTUM DAY

140 RESUME: GROUP

The beam from the projector cuts. Room lights return. There is

140 Continued

silence at first. Only BARBARA sits with her hands covering her face.

MINISTER
Most . . . curious.

HOWELL
Those . . . were like the creatures you found?

QUATERMASS
The same. You saw that they were killing - and being killed. I think we may have seen ritual slaughter, to preserve a fixed society . . . to rid it of mutations.

HOWELL
Good heavens!

QUATERMASS
That's the way they lived . . . and the way they intended their substitutes on Earth to live!

BREEN
(his disgust made plain)
Not again!

QUATERMASS ignores this, directs himself to the MINISTER.

QUATERMASS
My concern, sir, is that this stored memory of killing should be coupled with another power that THING in the pit seems to possess - the power to re-direct human energy!

MINISTER
Power to re-direct . . . ?

QUATERMASS
Into force beyond control!

BREEN
Nonsense!

140 Continued

QUATERMASS
We've all felt it - you have yourself ...

BREEN
A few vibration effects ...

The MINISTER throws up his hands.

MINISTER
Gentlemen! There's no need for this. We're looking for rational explanations ... and there is one.

All attention is on him now.

MINISTER (Cont)
This truly amazing aparatus of yours was surely set to detect - was it not - hallucinations?

BREEN
Hallucinations! Exactly, sir ...

There is a burst of protest, in which QUATERMASS, RONEY and BARBARA are exclaiming together. The MINISTER holds up his hand again.

MINISTER
Call it a mental image. The young lady clearly has imagination -- and she's overwrought. She has seen these -- creatures which Breen insists are fakes. So what more natural than --

He throws up his hands in a gesture of finality, and rises.

QUATERMASS
(horrified)
No, sir -- you can't dismiss it like that!

MINISTER
(quickly)
You prefer to dismiss Colonel Breen's theory?

QUATERMASS
If you'd been there -- if you'd witnessed it all ---

140 Continued

MINISTER
Professor Quatermass, I believe you are wrong in this matter. Ridiculously wrong!

He starts towards the door, BREEN following him.

QUATERMASS
You're going to admit people to the excavation?

MINISTER
(at the door)
Tonight. The Press -- radio and television--

QUATERMASS
You must not, sir!

MINISTER
(sharply)
My duty now is to quieten public alarm. And you -- up to now a Goverment officer with the same duty of loyalty ---
(incoherent rage bursting through)
-- you will keep your damned paws out of it!

He goes quickly out through the door which HOWELL is holding open. BREEN follows. Dismayed, QUATERMASS watches them go.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD NIGHT

141 The street is clogged with a mass of slowly moving vehicles and a concourse of PEOPLE. Many extra POLICE have been drafted to the spot to control them, and to provide a clear passage for TV trucks, radio vans, Press cars. Now they are packed tight round the station. REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and TV TECHNICIANS crowd the street in good-humoured confusion.

The antenna of one of the TV outside-broadcast trucks is being extended into the night sky. Cables are being run into the station entrance.

Right outside the station entrance is a huge mobile generator, almost as big as a bus. Several fat cables run from it into the station entrance. The CAMERA FOLLOWS an ELECTRICIAN from the generator truck inside.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE NIGHT

142 Here POLICEMEN are directing people down the emergency stairs. They are laden with lamps, tripods, film magazines, tape recorders, cameras. Pushing his way up, against the stream, comes a harrassed TECHNICAL OFFICER. Meeting the ELECTRICIAN from the generator truck, he grabs his arm.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
(anxiously)
There's a heck of a lot of stuff down there now -- far more than I expected. All these lamps and TV cameras --

ELECTRICIAN
(nodding towards the street)
Our generator'll take all the load they can put on it. Don't worry.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
The cameramen say they'll want some shots inside the thing. Can you fix them up?

ELECTRICIAN
Light the inside? Why not? I'll run out an extension cable.

He hurries to the emergency stairs, pushing his way past the others who are going down.

ELECTRICIAN (Cont)
Excuse me!

One of those he jostles turns in protest. As his face catches the light we see it is QUATERMASS.

INT. PLATFORM

143 On the platform, a TV camera has been set up, and its crew are warming it up.

INT. TUNNEL

144 On the re-planked floor of the tunnel, overlooking the excavation. COLONEL BREEN is talking to a knot of JOURNALISTS. HOWELL is with him, and a very subdued POTTER.

144 Continued

BREEN
-- And the West German Federal Government has kindly agreed to make fresh searches into existing wartime records, with a view to final identification of this missile.

HOWELL
Copies of Colonel Breen's statement are available for those who haven't one.

He indicates a pile of duplicated press handouts on a folding table nearby. Those JOURNALISTS not already armed with one help themselves.

HOWELL (Cont)
And now -- before we take you down to see for yourselves -- any questions?

A JOURNALIST
Yes. Are you sure it's safe?

There is a ripple of good-humoured laughter. BREEN and HOWELL glance at each other, smiling.

BREEN
Quite safe.

HOWELL
Any more questions? Otherwise --

QUATERMASS'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes! I've got a question.

Heads turn. QUATERMASS pushes his way through the group of JOURNALISTS, his name being whispered ahead of him.

QUATERMASS
(reaching the front and facing Breen)
Is Colonel Breen just a fool -- or a coward?

There is a shocked silence. BREEN and HOWELL stare in outrage.

BREEN
(recovering, hoarsely)
What -- what d'you mean by that? How -- !

144 Continued

HOWELL
(quickly)
Just a second. Professor, I thought it was clearly understood that you wouldn't --

QUATERMASS
(ignoring Howell)
Is the Colonel afraid? So afraid that he resorts to the thinnest rationalisations --

BREEN
(interrupting violently)
I say what I know to be the truth!

QUATERMASS
Tell them what you've seen down there! Potter -- you were a witness --- you tell them---

There is a sudden succession of dazzling, lightning-like flashes from the direction of the excavation, accompanied by the unmistakable clattering detonation of an electrical short-circuit.

Frightened faces turn. Lights flutter and dim.

INT. EXCAVATION

145 In the opening into the hull, a MAN is crouched, outlined by the blinding searing glare that lights up the interior in a rapid series of flashes.

INT. TUNNEL

146 The flashes from the hull illuminate the figure of the TECHNICAL OFFICER as he looks down into the excavation. He spins round and goes running, stumbling towards the platform above.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
(yells)
Cut it --- cut it! Cut the power!

As he runs out, POTTER and QUATERMASS run in.

INT. EXCAVATION

147 The flashes in the hull cut out. There is no light from anywhere but the dim glow of emergency lighting on the platform.

147 Continued

The MAN who was outlined in the hull's opening is on the ground outside it now, crawling and retching. He drags himself towards the ladder as POTTER and QUATERMASS come scrambling down. We see that he is the ELECTRICIAN. QUATERMASS grabs him.

ELECTRICIAN
My mate -- he's in there --

POTTER makes towards the opening, from which smoke is drifting.

QUATERMASS
Potter, be careful!

The TECHNICAL OFFICER calls as he comes down the ladder.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
It's safe -- the power's off.

QUATERMASS
(quietly)
I don't mean that.
(to the Electrician)
What happened? Quick!

ELECTRICIAN
He had the live cable. He must have slipped --

He twists round to look.

POTTER reappears, dragging a limp form behind him out of the hull.

ELECTRICIAN (Cont)
He dead?

POTTER
Yes.

The TECHNICAL OFFICER's torch lights up the charred shape of the electrician's mate as POTTER hauls it forward.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
(shaken)
Clear away from the ladder there, please!

INT. TUNNEL

148 There is a horrified hush among the JOURNALISTS and others watching at the edge of the level just above. The Technical Officer's torch flashe momentarily across them -- and we see the face of BARBARA JUDD in the foreground. Staring down.

INT. EXCAVATION

149 POTTER and the TECHNICAL OFFICER are carrying the body up the ladder. QUATERMASS follows, helping the shaking ELECTRICIAN.

The CAMERA MOVES QUIETLY FORWARD towards the hull . . . up to the opening . . . and through.

INT. HULL

150 At one or two points in the dark interior, the glossy surface seems to be glowing faintly. It is almost as if it were coming alive. Crystalline veins, ceramic arteries, appear in a sluggish pulsation of light.

INT. TUNNEL

151 The dimly-lit CROWD moves aside in shocked horror as the still smoking body is laid down on a plank and covered hastily with a coat.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
An accident --

ELECTRICIAN
I couldn't help him. There wasn't anything I could do --

TECHNICAL OFFICER
I know --

ELECTRICIAN
He was just fixing the junction box when he -- he --

TECHNICAL OFFICER
All right, boy, it was an accident.

QUATERMASS
It may not have been.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
What did you say?

151 Continued

ELECTRICIAN
You trying to make out it was my fault -- ?

QUATERMASS
(sharply)
Get the lights on!

The TECHNICAL OFFICER calls up towards the platform.

TECHNICAL OFFICER
Let's have the power again -- all but the line to the hull!

A moment later the lights blaze out again and the whole tunnel and excavation are bright. QUATERMASS looks down towards the excavatio: ... and exclaims.

QUATERMASS
What's she doing there!

INT. EXCAVATION

152 BARBARA is standing by the opening into the hull, staring inside as if helpless to do anything else. POTTER comes scrambling down the ladder, pulls her away from it. She resists sluggishly.

BARBARA
It's coming alive -- it's glowing!

POTTER
(glancing inside)
I don't see --

BARBARA
But I did! Before the lights came on!

He pulls her towards the ladder. Above, QUATERMASS turns quickly away.

INT. TUNNEL

153 QUATERMASS pushes through the crowd towards BREEN, who is parrying excited questions from the JOURNALISTS.

QUATERMASS
Breen -- you've got to send everyone out of this place!

153 Continued

BREEN
Just because there's been an accident!

He turns and is moving towards the platform, where HOWELL and a TV INTERVIEWER are conferring near the TV camera.

QUATERMASS
(following Breen)
There's some new activity starting in that thing!
(to the Journalists crowding round them as they walk)
Listen -- I'm advising you all to leave!
There may be grave danger --!

His words are drowned in the confusion of crowd noise. The JOURNALISTS are following BREEN and QUATERMASS towards the platform, shouting out questions to them, and to each other.

AD LIBS
What's he saying? What sort of danger --?
What from -- ?
Did you hear that -- ?
D'you mean the power cable, sir?
Electricity or what -- ?
It's all nonsense!
They say he doesn't like Breen --
Who is he anyway -- ?
What's going on -- ?

INT. EXCAVATION

154 For the moment all attention is turned away from the hull. There is nobody in the excavation. Above, the excited crowd babbles on.

There is a deep thud, a reverberation that seems to echo in the ground, barely audible above the crowd noise. A couple of seconds later comes another thud . . . and another . . .

The CAMERA IS MOVING SLOWLY towards the hull. A veined glow is breaking through on the surface of it -- the outer surface this time.

INT. PLATFORM

155 Followed by QUATERMASS and the excited, shouting crowd of JOURNALISTS, COLONEL BREEN gains the platform and starts along it to the

155 Continued

TV interview point, where HOWELL is waiting with the TV INTERVIEWE

HOWELL's voice, trained to cope with such situations, cuts through:

HOWELL
Gentlemen! Gentlemen! The official arrangements will proceed as planned. Silence -- please!

He turns to the TV INTERVIEWER as the noise starts to subside.

HOWELL (Cont)
(with his most politic smile)
Whenever you're ready -

INT. PUB NIGHT

156 C.S. of a television screen, where an ANNOUNCER is talking.

ANNOUNCER
And now we're taking you over to Hobbs End.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in the crowded bar. It is a cosy little place, full of regulars. One of them is protesting.

PUB CUSTOMER
(waving his pint)
Only two streets away an' we got to see it on the telly! I tell you -- people don't believe nothing's happened no more unless they seen it on the telly!

The battered BLONDE to whom this last bit is addressed turns back to her companion at the bar, a doggy, pouchy-eyed MAN IN A BLAZER.

BLONDE
D'you believe in these Martians?

BLAZERED MAN
Be your age, kiddie.
(artfully)
I know, twenty-nine.
(he takes a gulp of his drink)
No, it's a bloody great Jerry buzz bomb. Listen, I was in the Ruhr when the war finished and --

156 Continued

BLONDE
It's on now!

There is a stir of interest in the bar. CUSTOMERS crowd forward to see the screen.

The INTERVIEWER's face appears there. He is caught looking off screen.

INTERVIEWER
What? All right -- quick!
(to front)
Good evening. I'm standing just a few yards from where the mysterious missile was dug --

He turns back again, evidently perturbed. MEN are pushing past him in alarm. A crackle of sound bursts out as he appeals to the unseen man beside him.

INTERVIEWER (Cont)
Colonel Breen - perhaps you'd better --
(to front, with nervous speed)
Sorry. There's something wrong here --

Another spatter of sound and the screen goes blank. Almost immediately an apology-for-breakdown signal appears and there is a ribald cheer in the pub.

PUB CUSTOMER
And now they go and muck it up !

BLONDE
(uneasily)
Funny noises -- !

BLAZERED MAN
Vision on sound, that's all. Have another?

BLONDE
Yes, I will.
(as he snaps his fingers for attention)
Edgar, those men were running!

CUT TO

INT. PLATFORM

157 JOURNALISTS and TECHNICIANS are blundering in panic towards the exit, terrified by the sound that now thunders through the station.

The ground is shaking with slow, rhythmic thuds. And in exactly the same rhythm, light comes beating from the excavation. (This sound-and-light rhythm continues until the end of the film, in all scenes involving the pit) There are also crackles of lighter, sporadic sound.

At the end of the platform, overlooking the excavation, QUATERMASS is yelling:

QUATERMASS
Get out! All of you -- drop everything and get out!

He starts towards the exit. JOURNALISTS who had gone down to the tunnel floor for another look at the hull are now clawing their way back to the platform, tripping over planks and cables and rails. A fierce gust of wind sweeps through the tunnel, sending Howell's press-releases swirling through the air among the struggling men.

At the interview point, HOWELL turns from the incoherent INTERVIEWE to BREEN, who stands staring fixedly towards the excavation.

HOWELL
(a man betrayed)
Colonel Breen -- !

A lamp explodes.

A film camera, standing abandoned on its tripod, suddenly bursts open and endless streams of film pour out like obscene entrails, tangling the escaping people.

A whole cluster of lamps explodes. The main light now is that which throbs rhythmically from the hull.

A heavy TV camera swings round, apparently of its own accord, and crashes to the ground. There is a scream.

The crowd, wild with terror, is fighting to get through the narrow exit-tunnel.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE NIGHT

158 The first of the terrified JOURNALISTS and TECHNICIANS from below

158 Continued

come clawing their way up the emergency stairway and out into the stree A POLICEMAN moves into their path and is flung aside.

The thundering and crackling sound is following them as they run screaming.

A MAN falls. A moment later he is being trampled underfoot.

EXT. HOBBS END ROAD NIGHT

159 People come milling past the many obstructions -- the huge generator, the TV trucks and cars. Their panic spreads quickly through the crowd beyond. Those who cannot find an escape route are clambering and leaping across the tops of vehicles, careless of the damage they are doing.

And still the dreadful sounds follows.

INT. PLATFORM

160 Below, the platform and tunnel are almost clear of people.

The slow rhythm of light and sound continues. The sound is deafening now, and the light, in its bright phases, almost blinding.

Equipment lies shattered everywhere. Cables squirm like snakes. Planks wobble and rise from the ground. The very railway lines are twisted out of the ground in a grotesque knot, and the roadbed buckles beneath them.

QUATERMASS, dishevelled and staggering, is nearly at the exit when a moan catches his attention. He looks down to see HOWELL covered in blood, trapped beneath the fallen TV camera. He tries to free him.

HOWELL
(deliriously)
Got to make a report -- a report --

He is suddenly limp. QUATERMASS scrambles on -- and sees BARBARA at the exit opening, crouching to peer back along the platform towards the excavation. QUATERMASS grabs her arm and pulls her towards the emergency stairs. For a moment she struggles, then allows herself to be dragged away.

Along the platform near the excavation, POTTER makes his way to where BREEN stands looking down towards the hull.

160 Continued

POTTER
Sir -- you must get away from here! Sir!

BREEN suddenly turns on him -- and his face is transformed, twisted, a mask. He lunges violently at POTTER, and the effect of the blow far exceeds it's apparent force. POTTER is sent staggering and reeling along the platform among the writhing cables and swirling papers.

He does not try again. After a moment he too makes for the nearby exit.

BREEN turns and like an automaton marches towards the excavation.

INT. EXCAVATION

161 The whole hull is aglow now, a glow that pulses with the rhythm of the thunderous thuds.

The CAMERA MOVES AWAY and UP. Standing at the edge of the pit, staring down at the hull, is BREEN. His eyes glow with the pulsating light. He falls slowly to his knees.

INT. PUB NIGHT

162 The BLAZERED MAN is fiddling with the controls of the television set above the bar. The screen is flickering with violent interference.

BLAZERED MAN
Can't do anything with it.

BLONDE
Let's go.

BLAZERED MAN
Damn! There was some boxing after this --

He turns, to find the BLONDE with her hand pressed against her head.

BLAZERED MAN (Cont)
You okay?

BLONDE
A bit -- dizzy.

The BLAZERED MAN glances along the bar. The BARMAID is at the other end, supplying a cheerfully singing group of CUSTOMERS.

162 Continued

BLAZERED MAN
'Spect you're hungry. All right, we'll go on to Millie's. Say what you like about old Millie, she's always good for --

The BLONDE sways on her stool. He is just in time to catch her. As he helps her to a lower chair, there is a rapid crepitation close at hand inside the bar. Very loud, like a monstrous firecracker.

CUSTOMERS jump round, startled out of their wits. The BLAZERED MAN clutches at the BLONDE gives a strangled scream and there is a splutter of frightened cries.

A smaller crackle follows.

BLONDE
(stiff with terror)
What is it?

BLAZERED MAN
I dunno --

BLONDE
(voice cracking)
Don't say it's vision on sound, for God's sake!

There is a distant screaming outside, from many voices. And now comes a crash of glass behind the bar. Bottles are flung along it. The old velvet curtains round the doorway are blown violently inwards by a screaming gust. The BLONDE is sobbing violently, hysterically, as the BLAZERED MAN drags her towards the door.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB NIGHT

163 Outside, terrified people are pounding along the street, joined now by the first frightened CUSTOMERS from the pub.

INT. PUB NIGHT

164 RESUME:

A section of the ceiling gives, as if suddenly pounded from above by a mighty fist. Plaster showers down on the yelling CUSTOMERS. Lights go out. They fight to get out, crazed, faces twisted, their cries joining those of the crowds running past outside.

164 Continued

Then the bar is empty. One man lies near the door, trampled down.

More glass shatters.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

165 Hounded by the unearthly sounds, people are streaming along. They shy away from the shrill detonations that break out in the ground, in the walls, in the air itself. And the thunderous vibration follows like a tidal wave, spreading outwards in rhythmic boomings that shake the earth.

Stumbling along with the rest comes QUATERMASS, almost dragging BARBARA. There is a sudden burst of sounds, a terrified jostling in the crowd, and he falls. He picks himself up and looks vaguely round.

But she has gone.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB NIGHT

166 In a steady stream, people are rounding the corner past the little pub, yelling as the thundering, crackling sound follows them.

QUATERMASS is caught up with them, running blindly. It is as if none of them can see. His clothes are torn and he is covered with dust from falls. He is jostled helplessly to the edge of the crowd.

Hands seize him and pull him aside. He struggles fiercely. It is RONEY who is shaking him, looking for recognition in the blank eyes.

RONEY
Quatermass! Don't you know me?

QUATERMASS pulls again towards the crowd. RONEY jerks him round -- through the nearest open doorway. It is:-

INT. PUB NIGHT

167 The glass backing to the bar has collapsed and it is almost completely dark. But dim light enters through the slashed curtains. Tables and chairs lie overturned in pools of spilt beer, and the man is still where he fell, unmoving.

RONEY hauls QUATERMASS through, and throws the door, with its shattered glass panel, shut behind them. QUATERMASS is still struggling, but more confusedly and less violently, as RONEY snatches up a fallen chair and pushes him into it. He slumps, head forward,

167 Continued

and RONEY catches him by the shoulder to stop him falling out of it. RONEY glances round the ruined bar. Outside, the crowd noise is quieter, receeding now.

Panting hard, QUATERMASS looks up at him. It is as if he has to make a conscious effort to recognise him.

QUATERMASS
Roney?

RONEY
That's better. Can I leave you a second?

QUATERMASS nods, gripping the arms of the chair. RONEY turns to the bar and picks over the debris.

RONEY (Cont)
Every last bottle broken! Still a drop in this one.

He shakes out a tankard and pours into it from the broken bottle.

RONEY (Cont)
No way to serve decent whisky, but we're a bit low on glasses. Here - get that inside you.

He has to steady the tankard in QUATERMASS's hands while he gulps it. QUATERMASS looks up at him frowning, as if he is working something out.

QUATERMASS
You stopped me.

RONEY
(as if to a child)
That's right. I stopped you. You were being carried along so I thought I'd better.

QUATERMASS
Were they - people?

He catches fearfully at RONEY's arm and turns to peer towards the floor.

167 Continued

RONEY
Eh? Of course they were!
(he manages to resume his deliberate matter-of-factness)
I was just leaving the Institute when I heard shouting in the distance, so ...

QUATERMASS
Don't you feel it?

RONEY
What?

QUATERMASS
(hand to head)
Here ... Anything?

RONEY
No.

QUATERMASS
Perhaps some are immune, some few.

He gulps the last of the whisky, pulls himself to his feet.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
It was what I was afraid of ... the Thing got a huge intake of energy. The very substance of it seemed to be coming alive, and then ... and then ...
(shaking, he manages to go on)
... You can't see this world any longer!

RONEY
It's like that now?

QUATERMASS
Not so bad now.

RONEY pulls the tattered curtains aside and looks out.

RONEY
Quieter. Was anybody left there?

167 Continued

QUATERMASS
Breen ... some others. Those it affected most ... couldn't get away from it ...

RONEY
Perhaps I ought to go and see ...

QUATERMASS
Don't!

He is standing rigidly, eyes fixed. There is a faint crackle of sound, an ominous crepitation that rises in pitch.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
It's changing, I can feel it! Getting stronger!

The sounds come with a rush.

CUT TO

INT. EXCAVATION

168 The hull is undergoing a transformation. Glowing throughout its length now bright, now dim, its whole substance is beginning to soften, melt, smoke ... the opening losing shape and the entire hull sagging inwards. And still the beat of brilliance stabs out in time with the thunderous vibrations.

The CAMERA PANS UP to the figure of BREEN, still on his knees. But it is just a shell. The skin is dark and cracked, the eyes hollowed remnants of crisp tissue, the uniform is flaking away.

As the CAMERA MOVES CLOSER, it topples and falls.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

169 A CLERKLY MAN comes running down it like a thing pursued, footsteps ringing out above the subterranean booming. He is an unremarkable person, hatless now, one sleeve ripped away from his whitened clothes. He pauses, panting, close to CAMERA, whips off his steamed-up glasses to look around.

A MAN watches him silently from the shadows.

Another small group of people, MEN and WOMEN both, crouch silently, turning their heads slowly in the direction of the panting victim.

169 Continued

The CLERKLY MAN goes staggering back under a shower of stones and mud . . . falls, as crackling reports blast out all around. He tries to crawl away, but rubble is pounding down, smothering him. He screams as a jagged mass of concrete lands on his back, and does not move again.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

170 C.S. of faces, motionless and cold in the shadows. They are turned to where two MEN are trapped, one dragging himself along the opposite pavement, the other standing face to the wall as if dementedly trying to claw a way through it. Great clods of clay and bricks are swooping at them, filling the air. The standing MAN drops.

The echo of the Martian purge is unmistakable.

INT. PUB NIGHT

171 QUATERMASS is silhouetted in the foreground, whilst RONEY is backing away with utter confusion im his face.

RONEY
Quatermass!

He raises an arm to shield himself as a crackling blast bursts out and the air is alive. Glass crashes, wood splinters. RONEY ducks for cover behind a fallen table. Rubble clatters against it, flies over it. He cries out. On hands and knees, he looks back in desperation at the advancing figure of QUATERMASS, his arms held rigidly at his sides. RONEY's face is bleeding, his coat ripped. Another tearing buffet of sound and he winces and twists under a hail of flying debris.

RONEY (Cont)
No! Quatermass - no!

He suddenly throws himself at the silhouetted figure and grapples with it. As they whirl into CLOSE SHOT, the face of QUATERMASS can be seen - twisted into the mask form. RONEY forces him back against the counter. QUATERMASS seems not to resist actively, yet RONEY has a furious, exhausting struggle. Then he rams his blood-streaked face close to QUATERMASS's.

RONEY (Cont)
(frantically)
It's taking possession of you! Don't let it!
Fight it! Can you hear what I'm saying?

171 Continued

The set expression on QUATERMASS's face seems to blur. RONEY shakes him.

RONEY (Cont)
Think, man - think! Use your brain - your memory! Keep hold!

QUATERMASS
(with fierce concentration)
Yes.
(almost inaudibly)
My name is Bernard Quatermass, professor of physics. Controller, British Experimental Rocket Group ... at present engaged in ... engaged in ...
(he turns an agonised face)
I wanted to kill you.
(rapidly, as if he is holding something back with an effort)
I could do it without trying, without moving ... I knew that. And I would have done it ...

RONEY
Why? Did you know why?

QUATERMASS
Because you're ... different.
(he stares at Roney for a moment)
I could feel that ... you weren't ... one of us. You had to be destroyed.
(violently)
Destroyed!

He grips RONEY's arm, fighting for self-control.

RONEY
Don't say any more. Try to keep it out of your mind. Get some air ...

He steers QUATERMASS towards the door. Above the unceasing heavy vibration, new sounds come to them through the shattered panes ... a thin, distant squealing .. the cries of a badly-injured dog ... an unidentifiable screech.

171 Continued

QUATERMASS
Listen!

RONEY
Animals! They're killing the animals!

QUATERMASS
Not only animals.
(twisting round)
Roney, this is it! This is the image that was buried in the hull! The compulsion ...

RONEY
It was a control ...

QUATERMASS
To preserve their colony ... kill every mutation away from the set pattern! Destroy all that didn't belong to it ... every living creature and object ... Now it's happening ... five million years too late.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB NIGHT

172 RONEY and QUATERMASS come into the doorway, looking out, appalled.

RONEY
(still incredulous)
You mean using this diverted energy ...

QUATERMASS
Draining the whole energy of London to turn it into a Martian colony!

RONEY
It can't possibly ... after so long ...

QUATERMASS
It can!
(eyes squeezed shut, helplessly)
I can feel it! See it ... see them!

His breathing is faster. When his eyes open, they are wild. RONEY swings him round by the shoulders.

172 Continued

RONEY
Resist it! You can - you must! We've things to do that maybe nobody else can . . .

The vibrations in the earth are like thunder. Close at hand, some masonry comes tumbling with a crash, filling the air with dust.

RONEY grabs QUATERMASS.

RONEY (Cont)
Come on!

EXT. HOBBS END NIGHT

173 (Variation on Shot 1)

In the foreground, Hobbs Lane is partly obscured by drifting smoke. As the CAMERA MOVES FORWARD, the open ground beyond seems to glow, rhythmically.

EXT. GROUND BEHIND HOBBS LANE NIGHT

174 The surface of the open space is glowing in a slow rhythm. It seems to swell. Cracks run across it. Steam fills the air as puddles boil up and disappear in almost instantaneous evaporation. A quantity of wooden shoring bursts into flames.

The whole ground is buckling.

The half-erected steel frame that the cranes have been erecting begins to sag and tilt. Sections of it collapse.

One of the tower cranes sways and comes crashing down. The building's steel frame divides and collapses.

The second tower crane tilts. It does not fall but swings slowly away, its long jib hanging crazily.

EXT. HOBBS LANE NIGHT

175 RONEY and QUATERMASS come quickly into the street. QUATERMASS seems almost at the end of his tether, staggering as if sick. RONEY is able to grab his arm in time to prevent him from stumbling into a fissure which is opening at their feet, slowly widening as if to engulf them.

175 Continued

They draw back into the shadow of a doorway.

Steam begins to pour from the fissure. The noise is unbearable.

Then, suddenly, across the street from the two men, one of the terraced houses sags and tumbles to the ground.

QUATERMASS and RONEY shield their faces from the flying debris. RONEY looks up into the light that suddenly strikes him in a blinding, regular rhythm. He cries out in incoherent horror.

EFFECT SHOT

176 In the space left by the fallen house, the open area beyond can be seen. The ground has split wide open.

Above it a shimmering form that bursts rhythmically into a blinding glare. It extends upwards for hundreds of feet, and its outline is defined, recalling that of the arthropods . . . a terrible, horned Thing.

EXT. HOBBS LANE NIGHT

177 RESUME:

RONEY and QUATERMASS are forced to shield their eyes from the terrible beating light.

RONEY
The Devil! The horned Devil!

He turns to QUATERMASS, sees that he is shaking like a man with acute fever.

RONEY (Cont)
Don't look at it! I forbid you --

RONEY looks desperately around for a way of escape, drags QUATERMASS back into the building behind them.

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

178 (This could well be the house in Hobbs Lane that we saw earlier)

RONEY drags QUATERMASS inside, and into the front room, from where they can observe the Horned Devil.

RONEY
Into that. Mass into Energy . . .

QUATERMASS
The focus of all that's happening. The cause . . . oh, God . . . !

RONEY is staring out between the cracks in the boarded-up windows.

QUATERMASS (Cont)
What can we do? Roney, what can we do . . . ?

RONEY
(to himself)
Mass into Energy. The fundamental law . . It must be.

QUATERMASS
What? What are you saying?

RONEY
The Devil's enemy was iron.

He turns, excited.

RONEY (Cont)
It might make sense - magical and Scientific - if it were possible to project a mass of metal into it - connected to the ground . . .

QUATERMASS
(incredulous)
Discharge it - to the Earth?

RONEY
Yes.

QUATERMASS
It's too simple.

RONEY
No - no, it isn't ! Don't you see, it's what they'd never allow for - even that scrap of knowledge in minds that were free - free to use it.

QUATERMASS stares at him.

178 Continued

QUATERMASS
That crane . . . !

They rush to the window and peer through.

EFFECT SHOT - through crack in boarded window.

179 Behind the lower part of the shimmering Horned Devil can be glimpsed the remaining tower crane, perilously canted.

RESUME: INT. HOUSE

180 QUATERMASS
I'll try it.

RONEY
No . . .

QUATERMASS
(shouts)
Yes!

He tears himself free from RONEY and is away.

EXT. HOBBS LANE NIGHT

181 QUATERMASS comes half-running, half-stumbling, from the house.

He skirts the edge of the fissure and staggers off into the darkness, holding a crooked arm before his face to protect his eyes from the searing brightness.

As he passes one of the cottages, it bursts into flames, sending QUATERMASS sprawling with the shock of it.

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

182 RONEY watches for a moment.

RONEY
(to himself)
He won't make it . . .

He makes for the door.

EXT. HOBBS LANE NIGHT

183 RONEY appears. He peers into the street, looking for QUATERMASS, but can see nothing but the flames of the burning building, dimmed by the glare from the Thing. He starts off in the opposite direction.

EXT. OPEN AREA NIGHT

184 QUATERMASS comes sliding, stumbling down a pile of rubble. He picks himself up, peers desperately about him. The light is so intense that he cannot see.

He tries to go forward, but he is forced back by the glare, and the heat.

He looks desperately around for another way, staggers off in another direction, and comes face to face with:-

BARBARA. She is crouched, staring at him, her eyes blazing and her lips drawn back, mask-like.

QUATERMASS stares at her, unbelievingly.

As BARBARA stirs, slowly raising her head and shoulders, her eyes unwinking as a snake's or insect's rocks and rubble pick themselves up and hurl themselves viciously at him.

QUATERMASS suddenly steps forward and strikes the girl with all his strength across her neck. She crumbles and falls at his feet. Immediately, the poltergeist action ceases.

QUATERMASS
Oh, God . . . God help us!

QUATERMASS stares down at her, beaten. He looks back at the direction from which he came, calls pathetically:

QUATERMASS
(helplessly)
Roney . . .

He stumbles about, lost. After a moment he glances up, screwing his eyes almost shut against the glare.

EFFECT SHOT

185 Looking up at the vast pulsating shape. It hangs almost motionless in the air. Only its luminosity, throbbing repeatedly through the whole complex of slowly weaving membranes that make up its shape, represent

185 Continued

the dreadful life in it. It is like watching solar flames moving on the Sun's disc.

EXT. CRANE NIGHT

186 About halfway up the tower, a figure is climbing.

C.S. RONEY

187 He is climbing desperately, flinging out his hands for holds, feet scrabbling on the girders of the tower. Its angle of tilt helps him to climb.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE CRANE NIGHT

188 The crane suddenly shifts its position as RONEY climbs. He clings fiercely. The whole thing is unstable, ready to collapse.

COMBINED EFFECT SHOT

189 The tilted crane, with its small figure now nearing the level of the arm, is silhouetted against the white glare of the Horned Devil. Again it shifts slightly.

EXT. CRANE CONTROL CABIN NIGHT

190 Breath whistling, RONEY drags himself up to the tiny cabin. He leans inside and jerks at the control levers. But they move uselessly without power. He swings himself along the cantilever arm.

EXT. OPEN AREA NIGHT

191 QUATERMASS is crouching close to the ground, trying to drag himself into a shadow, away from the dreadful glare. He manages to do so. After a moment he opens his eyes and looks about, searching. He sees the tower-crane.

EXT. CRANE CANTILEVER ARM NIGHT

192 RONEY is nearly at the end of the cantilever arm, which shudders under him. It is tilted upwards.

There is a grunt of occult sound, a spatter of small missiles against the steel. The whole tower shifts again beneath him. He steadies himself, clutching the cables.

CLOSER

193 RONEY nears the end of the arm. Earth and stones are dashing at him.

And now, the cables themselves seem to be possessed, snatching themselves from his grip and beating at his head.

He starts to sway and uses the whole weight of his body to increase the momentum.

C.S. RONEY

194 His face is knotted with effort as he puts every scrap of weight and strength into increasing the momentum.

Suddenly he lies prone and claws down at the load cable, which dangles empty and free from the end of the cantilever. Almost weeping with the effort, he manages to get a grip on it.

M.S. CANTILEVER ARM

195 RONEY fights to swing the cable in a wider radius, moving with the bucking cantilever arm.

C.S. LIFTING HOOK

196 Following shot of the lifting hook at the end of the cable as it swings wider.

C.S. RONEY

197 His eyes are clamped shut. Earth and stones are dashing over him.

C.S. LIFTING HOOK

198 Now moving almost horizontally on a wider radius.

M.S. BASE OF TOWER CRANE

199 The earth is opening in a broad fissure, running straight towards the base of the crane. The massive concrete block that forms the main support shatters in two. The whole tower bucks, tilts.

C.S. RONEY

200 Feeling the tower sway violently under him, RONEY puts everything into a last effort. Stones and rubble are showering over him.

WIDE SHOT - ACROSS CRANE

201 Shot across the crane towards the Horned Devil, as the whole tower tilts crazily, about to collapse. The arm comes swinging round, its lifting cable at full extension. Snaking straight at the edge of the vast fireball.

Suddenly the whole cable and crane are incandescent throughout their combined length. There is a deafening electrical discharge.

A blinding flash that blots out all vision.

Then total darkness and silence. The deep reverberation, the pulsing glare have gone.

EXT. OPEN AREA NIGHT

202 L.S.

Dust hangs thinly over the area. The only light is that reflected from fires further away.

QUATERMASS rises from where he was flung by the blast. He looks slowly about him.

203 A CLOSER SHOT shows him, dazed. He wipes a hand over his face, dark with earth and sweat. He looks up at where the Horned Devil had been, hardly able to believe it has gone so suddenly and so utterly.

After a long moment, he turns.

QUATERMASS

Roney ...

He stumbles along, looking into the darkness where the Horned Devil once was.

Silence.

He mutters the man's name again, not in any real hope of response, but as a last minute salute.

QUATERMASS

Roney.

QUATERMASS turns and walks away.

203 Continued

And, in the distance, sounds can be heard - small, human sounds.

A voice crying, an ambulance bell, a dog barking ... the sounds of aid and response again ...

END